

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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HOW THE LEAGUE SAVED AUSTRIA

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STOPPING A WAR WITHOUT KILLING

THE GREAT IDEA OF THE LEAGUE

Working Out the Line of Peaceful Resistance

WHAT SANCTIONS MEAN

The most vital news in these days is the news that is not dramatic, the slow building-up by the League of an effective resistance to aggression.

It may yet be that History will look back and say that no event of this century could compare in importance with what is being done now, for we see the leagued nations of the world combining their forces in an attempt to stop a war without firing a shot or killing a man. There has been nothing like it before; it is the first real test of the extreme powers of the League.

A Broadcast Stopped

It is too soon to say how the system of what is called Sanctions will work, but we may illustrate it by their first application between two members of the League, Britain and Italy. On the very day when Sanctions were agreed upon by the League the Italian delegate at Geneva, Baron Aloisi, was to broadcast to America. He was ready to speak and his line was asked for at the British Post Office, as the transmission was to go through Rugby. The answer was given that the officials at Rugby had received instructions that no statements by any Italian spokesmen were to be transmitted through British channels.

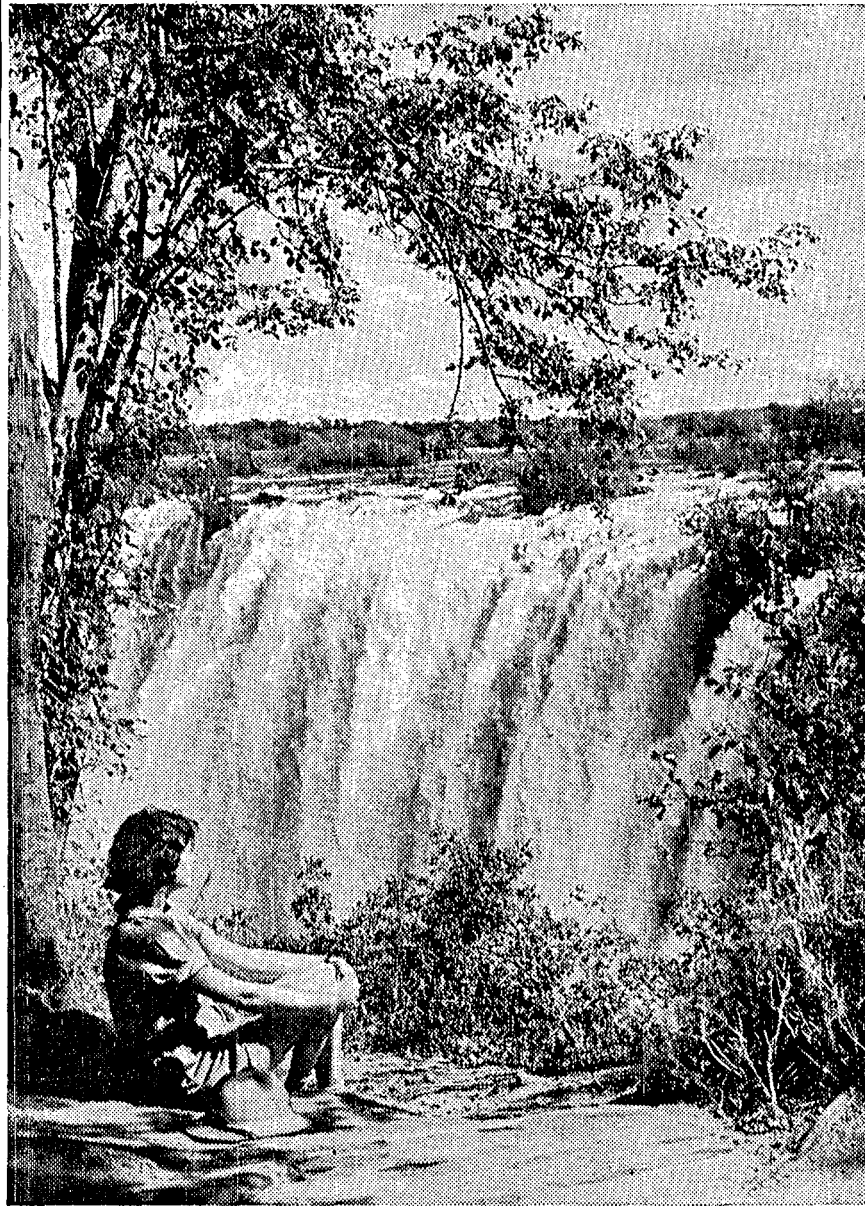
That is what is meant by what are called Sanctions, steps taken to bring pressure on a war-making State. Under Article 16 of the Covenant the nations maintaining the Covenant undertake to sever all trade or financial relations with the nation breaking it, and to prohibit all intercourse with the people of that nation. In effect it is a boycott of the offending nation, and we must expect that in its extreme application it would imply that we must not speak or write to or have any dealings with Italians. At present the League is placing a ban on exports to Italy and on financial relations, and it will proceed step by step.

No Fuel For Italian Ships

Under extreme Sanctions Italian ships at sea would have to return to their home ports, for coal stations and oil bases would be closed to them. Ships of other countries in Italian waters would have to put to sea. What is going to happen, we wonder, at all the Italian restaurants in London? Are we not to use them? Are we not to give a copper to a barrel-organ grinder? Are we not to write to our Italian friends?

All these things remain to be seen, for it is the policy of the League to apply

Peace in Africa



Resting under a tree by the mighty Victoria Falls in Rhodesia

pressure slowly, step by step, in the hope that the most extreme Sanctions will not be called for.

Trading and borrowing will certainly be stopped except for those few nations which have stood aside, as Austria and Hungary have done. As Italy is shut in by mountains and has a long coast seaborne commerce is necessary for her prosperity, and she has a great lack of essential raw materials. More than half her people live by manufacturing goods for home needs and export, and the raw material for her chief industry (cotton) comes from abroad.

Another most serious loss to Italy would be the inevitable stoppage of the money sent home by the millions of Italians abroad, and by the loss of the great sums spent by visitors to Italy's historic and beautiful towns.

It must not be forgotten that in imposing Sanctions other nations are imposing a sacrifice upon themselves, bringing confusion into some of their own trade for the sake of a vital principle on which they feel that world peace depends.

JANE AND MARY AT CHARING CROSS

WE have seen goats milked in the streets of Paris, and a flock of sheep in Hyde Park, but we had certainly thought the days for ever gone when cows would pasture in the heart of London.

We have heard of little Londoners who had never seen a cow, but there is no excuse for them now. Many people, it is true, remember the milk and cake stalls in St James's Park. The cows, which used to be milked on the spot, had to go in 1905.

It is the Milk Marketing Board which has brought a whiff of country life unexpectedly to London. In the entrance to Charing Cross Underground station Jane and Mary, two fine Jersey cows, have been attracting interested crowds. It is not the scientific apparatus in the exhibition that appeals to the curious Londoner, but the cows, more unusual there than the cleverest machine.

If you are up early in the morning you may meet Jane and Mary taking their exercise before returning to the

gilded stalls where they will stand each day until the end of next week, puzzled at the coming and going of so many admirers. All unwittingly they are doing their part toward making milk as popular a drink in England as it is in some parts of the Continent. One of the interesting sights of Fleet Street just now, by the way, is the little crowd always to be seen at a black and white Milk Café, a new and popular institution.

THE GREATEST CONQUEST

By Herr Hitler

We have ended class war in Germany. Others fight for Heaven knows what, for principles, for tangible things. We are engaged in the greatest campaign of conquest in world history—the conquest, for ourselves, of the German people.

It is good when a country has colonies, raw materials, and capital of its own, but the achievement of a united and cooperating people is the best conquest. In that we do not kill anyone.

THE LIGHT THAT PUZZLED COLUMBUS

What Was It?

LUMINOUS SYLLIDS OF LONG AGO

When Columbus was nearing America he saw a strange light on the waters, which he recorded but never explained.

Since that night of October 11, 1492, more than one attempt has been made to explain it for him, and the latest attempt is due to Mr L. R. Crawshaw of the Marine Laboratory at Plymouth.

The explorer says in his journal that the light was seen by him and others from the poop of the Santa Maria about four hours before making the landfall, and an hour before moonrise. In the darkness it looked like the flame of a small candle raised and lowered.

Marine Animals

The landfall mentioned by Columbus, which after careful inquiry has been fixed as that of Watling's Island, places the mysterious light as well out in the Atlantic in some 3000 fathoms of water, where the presence of a native canoe is hardly possible. The light could not have been on any land. What was it?

Mr Crawshaw suggests that it was due to a surface display of luminous marine animals known as syllids, which appear off this coast in certain months of the year, notably in October. The creatures do not light up at dusk, but when darkness has set in, and the illumination is always very brief.

The females sometimes display short periods of excessive brilliance, repeated two or three times over, and from the poop of the Santa Maria it is easy to believe that this light would be visible on a dark night, before moonrise, some hundreds of yards away.

END OF A REPUBLIC

The Army Seizes Power in Greece

The armed forces of a State have once more overthrown the Government of a democratic people, and their leader, General Kondylis, has assumed supreme power in Greece.

Political quarrels have been rife in this little country for many months, and this revolution was the result of the decision of the Prime Minister, M Tsaldaris, to respect the Constitution and honour his pledged word. Though he favoured a restoration of King George he resolved that the people should decide by plebiscite on November 3.

General Kondylis and his officers have refused to wait, have forced the Greek Government to resign, and have declared a Monarchy. King George has been in London for years, and it was in London that he heard the news that he was to be recalled to the throne.

OCTOBER LEAVES

Effect of September Gales

On our southern and Atlantic coasts most of the trees have now the appearance peculiar in a mild October.

The foliage is abundant, but the leaves are as withered and brown as in an ordinary November. The reason is the unusual mid-September gales.

Leaves are very susceptible to wind because it dries up the moisture on their stalks and petals. This moisture they have sucked up from their surroundings, and when a wind or a strong current of air mops it up the leaf becomes parched and withers.

The strong winds which set in before the autumn equinox not only dried the leaves but, owing to their violence, damaged the water-bearing tiny tubes at the base of the stalks. The water supply from below was cut off, and this is sufficient to account for the parched appearance of the leaves.

NO CHANGE AT MEMEL

The critical election at Memel has brought no change.

It has resulted in the same representation as before; there are 24 Germans and 5 Lithuanians in the new Landtag, the local Parliament.

For the moment both sides are congratulating themselves, the Lithuanians because the election has proved that they have conducted it with justice, and the Germans because they have once more proved that they have a great majority.

But what will happen now? Can the Lithuanians any longer thwart the wishes of their German subjects, who manage their only port so efficiently? It is said that the majority of these Germans have close ties of blood with the Lithuanians, and that their desire is to be free from dictatorship, whether of the Nazi or the Lithuanian variety.

With the help of the League the Lithuanians have now a golden opportunity to satisfy the reasonable ideals of their German-speaking countrymen.

THE LEAGUE CAN STOP THE WAR

By Lord Cecil

That we can stop this war through the League I have no doubt, provided the other members will cooperate with us.

A great decision is before the League and before us. If by its efforts this war is stopped, peace restored, and justice vindicated a new era in international affairs will have dawned.

Other countries, if there be any, entertaining schemes of conquest and adventure, warned by the example of Italy, will lay them aside, and a long period of tranquillity will be assured to Europe.

If the League fails through faint-heartedness disaster in the near future is certain; chaos will have come again.

THE ONLY THING TO SAY TO JAZZ

Germany Says It

Germany is forbidding the broadcasting of crazy jazz.

The declaration of the authorities says they stretch out their hand to all people with a view to a friendly interchange of art, but they refuse to accept "what is disruptive and calculated to wreck our civilisation," and therefore "nigger jazz" is banned for ever from the German broadcasting programmes.

There remains only one thing to be said about jazz, says the Director of German Broadcasting: it is "Clear out; get back to Africa."

THE SPARK FROM HEAVEN

By Sir Charles Holmes

These wise words were spoken by Sir Charles Holmes in opening the autumn exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Art must always be alive, constantly moving, changing, and developing. Our standard of perfection when we were 30 must seem hopelessly old-fashioned to our children.

In contrast with the experimental idealism of today we have the presentation portrait and the conventional landscape. We all know how they drift into dark corners and the lumber room.

Nothing of that average realistic work survives which has not in it some flash of inspiration, a vision of idealism. It is for this spark from heaven that we must always look, and without it realism is dead.

LATE NEWS FROM QUETTA

By One Who Was There

Major-General Karslake has been lecturing on Quetta and the great earthquake there, and we take these notes from his lecture.

Thank God all our officers in Quetta were married. I don't know what we should have done without their wives.

Less than three hours after the earthquake 7000 troops were working in the Indian quarter.

Arrangements were made for feeding 40,000 natives. Sappers within 24 hours laid an extra water supply and provided sanitation. An epidemic was avoided.

The work of a troop of Punjab Scouts, of different castes, forgot all caste rules and discharged any duty.

THE MOUNTAIN-TOP BEACH

Professor Abercrombie of Liverpool outlined a wonderful idea for a National Park in Snowdonia. It is likely to be carried out.

The rocks on top of Snowdon are full of sea fossils, and Snowdon is our second highest mountain. The idea is that the summit should be cleared and these original rocks laid bare, so that he who climbs may understand what the terrific forces of Nature can do.

SHE IS 107

What is it like to be 107 years old? Miss Janetia Hynde of West Kirby on the Wirral thinks it wonderful. She has just attained that great age, amid the joyful attentions of the town.

The Council brought its congratulations, the postman brought letters and telegrams from all over the country, and the bells of her parish church were pealed in her honour.

GERMANY AND HER ROAD HOGS

Dangerous drivers in Berlin now have a yellow cross on their cars, and cars not fit for use are marked with a yellow ring.

Both marks are in conspicuous places and are fixed by the police, one as a warning to other drivers to beware of the bad driver, the other as an indication that the car must be taken for overhauling within a fixed period.

SOMETHING FOR BABY

The New Pram

Three inventions won prizes at the Inventions Exhibition, and we are inclined to think that the third in order of merit, a perambulator, will add most to the sum of human happiness.

This 1935 perambulator has wheels which will turn corners, so saving much labour to perambulator pushers and no small inconvenience to passers-by. The baby will also benefit by a new smoothness in its first progress along Life's crowded streets.

The only extension of the invention which seems to offer opportunity for further rejoicing would be one which would fold up the perambulator when it came home so that it would not block the entrance hall. In these days this is becoming a long-felt want.

The other two inventions, an electric organ and a sculpturing machine, will fill fewer homes with enthusiasm. Already much music fills the air, and the apparatus for sculpture, which we believe makes things like Epstein's as well as other kinds, will fill many with alarm.

ELTHAM DOWN THE CENTURIES

Eltham in Kent has been keeping festival for a week in celebration of the diamond jubilee of its church.

Sixty years in the history of the parish is but a spell, but all concerned realised that they were associated with a scene which during the reigns of 13 English sovereigns was a background before which great acts in our national annals were played out.

At the royal palace here for over 400 years kings made their home and held their parliaments. Royal brides were brought here from their weddings. Princes and princesses were born here. Fallen kings from foreign lands were received here with kindness and honour. From here the wife of Richard the Second and tragic Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward the Fourth and mother of the princes murdered in the Tower, set forth to their coronations.

A son of Edward the Second born at the palace was called John of Eltham; and Earl of Eltham is still a title of the Prince of Wales.

HIS NAME LIVES ON

Sir John M'Lennan, the Scots Canadian man of science, has left a name behind him which will always be linked with two of the outstanding achievements of twentieth-century science, the collection of helium and its application to the production of low temperatures.

At the beginning of the century samples of helium gas had only lately been shown in tubes by Sir William Ramsay. M'Lennan was able to separate it from the natural gas which escapes in Canada, collect it in sufficient quantity to fill airships, and so avoid the risk of explosion when hydrogen is used.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of October, 1910

A real fairy tale was told at the meeting of the Milford Docks Company the other day.

Once upon a time the City of London advanced to the king a sum of nearly £370,000, and instead of paying back the money the king presented the City of London with 300 estates in England. Among them was the lordship of Liverpool, "with all customs and anchorage, and tolls on the waters of the Mersey," and with all the rights of the town of Liverpool then existing.

That was long ago before anybody dreamed that Liverpool was to become the second seaport in Europe, and the City merchants sold all their rights to a nobleman for £450. Two hundred and fifty years have made a difference, and the rights sold for £450 are now worth millions of pounds a year.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr Lansbury, and Lord Lothian have appealed for a British Ambulance Service for Abyssinia, working with the Red Cross. £35,000 is wanted.

The Chief Rabbi of Berlin has been arrested and forbidden to read a prayer at a Jewish festival, and the famous Dr Barth, a Protestant preacher of European reputation, has been expelled as an undesirable citizen.

The Chief Scout and the Chief Guide are leaving this week for Africa and expect to be away till May.

The Post Office is now taking the biggest count of letters and parcels that it has ever made; it will last a fortnight, and 1000 mechanical counters are being used.

The evidence of a loose-leaf book has been rejected by Mr Justice Bennett as not reliable enough for the courts.

Thousands of tons of cliff have fallen at the famous Blackgang Chine in the Isle of Wight.

Quieter engines are claimed for the new season's cars by most of the 60 manufacturers who are exhibiting at the Motor Show at Olympia, which opens today.

Mr Edward Shackleton, exploring son of his famous father, is back from his first Arctic expedition, which discovered mountains 10,000 feet high in Ellesmere Land.

A memorial to Miss Gertrude Bell, the Eastern traveller, has been unveiled at Redcar; it describes Miss Bell as "scholar, traveller, administrator, peace-maker, and friend of the Arabs."

The dangerous Porlock Hill, known to every motorist in Exmoor, is to be bypassed.

The last arch of Waterloo Bridge has gone. It will now take another year to demolish the nine piers. Already 50,000 tons of stone have been removed.

Petrol fumes are dangerous for years. A match thrown into an old tank not used for three years has caused a fatal explosion at Gateshead.

Cologne Wireless Tower, 530 feet high, has been blown down in a gale, and an air-liner from Cologne was blown over on her side in a storm near Brussels.

Miss Betty Malcolm, the 22-year-old daughter of General Malcolm, is just home from a five-weeks flying holiday round the capitals of Europe, alone. It was just as easy, she said, as driving from London to Brighton.

THINGS SAID

Army camps do not make ideal trading centres. U.S. Secretary of State

I am responsible to no man. I have only one commanding officer, the German people. Herr Hitler

A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on it.

Dean Inge

No man ought to go to the wheel of a car within two hours of taking alcohol.

Rev Courtenay Weeks

It is still a cruel world, judging a whole people by the acts of a few.

Rev Jacob Phillips

No woman need worry about head-gear in Kingston Parish Church.

Rural Dean of Kingston

A child born today can look forward to 15 more years of life than a child born 60 years ago. Minister of Health

The issue of our day is whether civilisation in future will be built on a materialistic or Christian foundation.

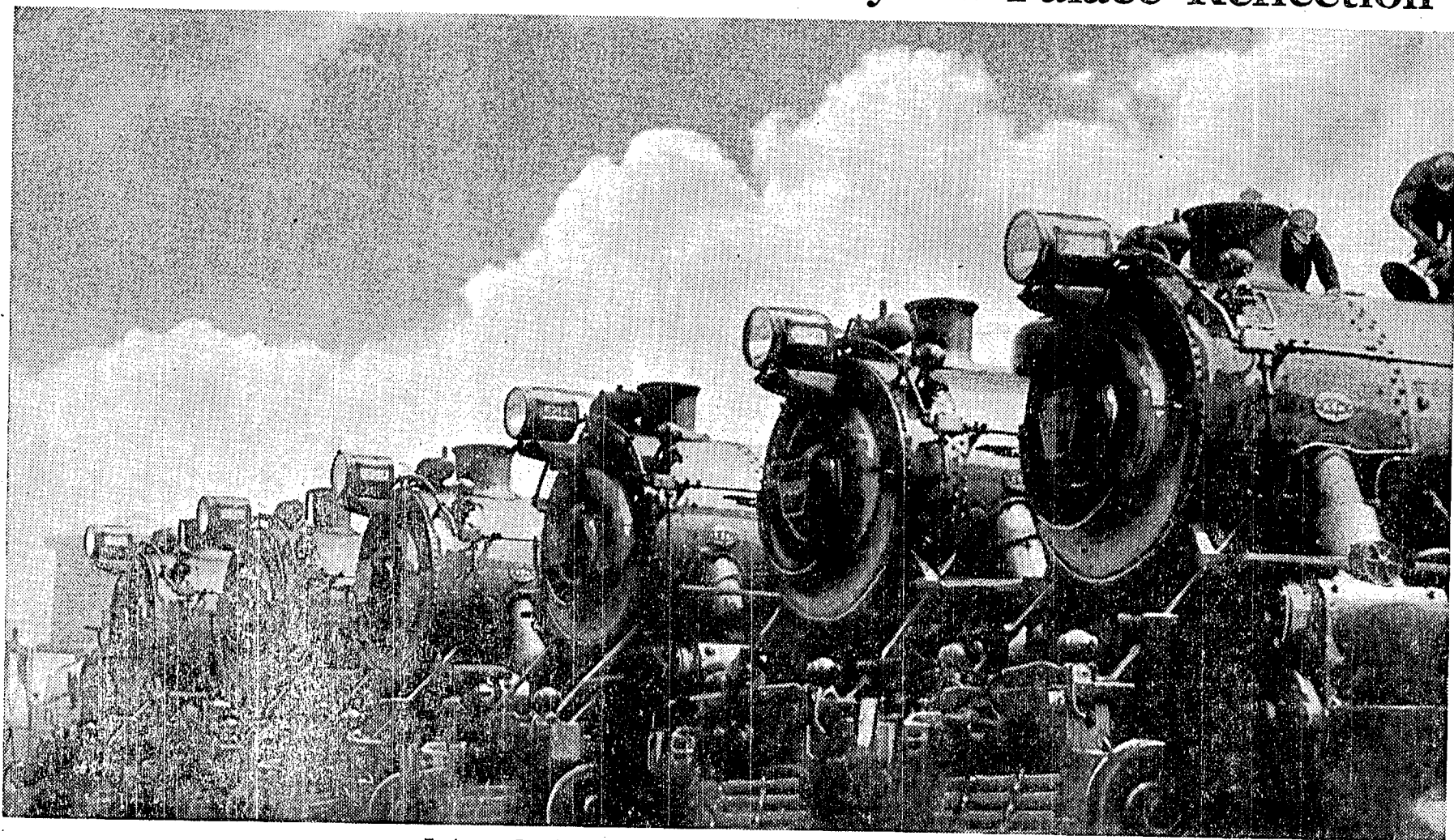
Bishop of Winchester

God never leaves Himself with only one witness; there are always 7000 refusing to worship Baal.

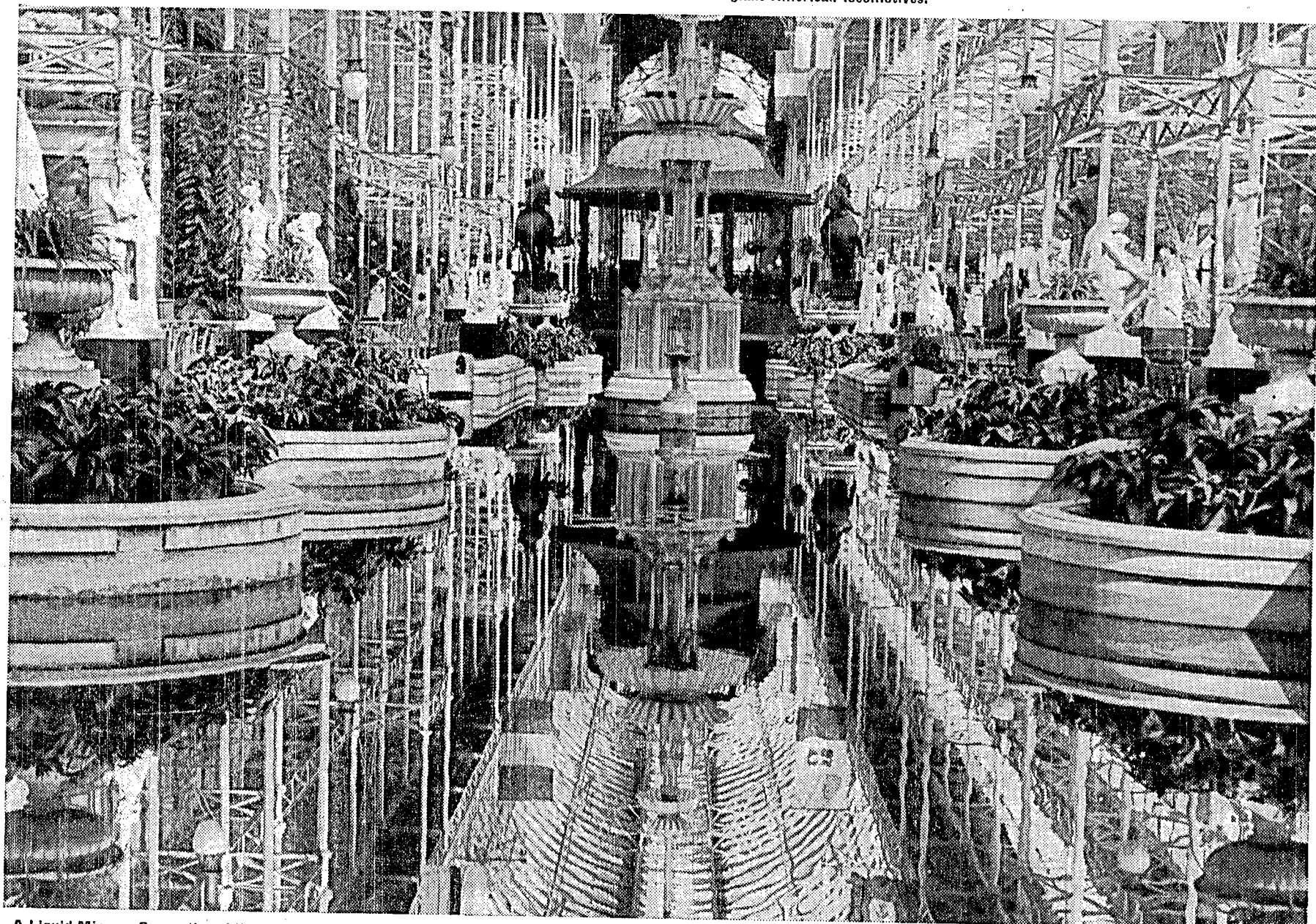
Dame Henrietta Barnett

The hour will strike when I shall begin to rule Austria. Archduke Otto

Giant Engines on Parade • A Crystal Palace Reflection



Engines on Parade—An impressive view of six giant American locomotives.



A Liquid Mirror—Suggestive of the elaborate interior of some Oriental temple, this picture actually shows a pool in the Crystal Palace reflecting the iron framework and glass of the roof.

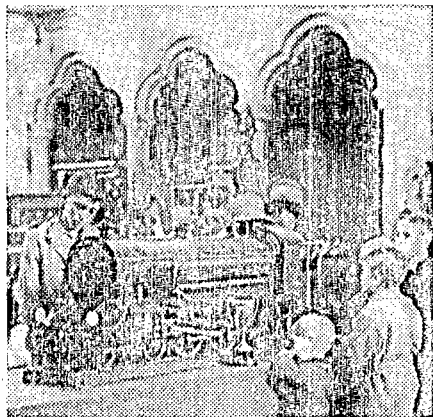
VICAR'S GOOD IDEA

Very Original Harvest Festival

THE LABOURER IS WORTHY OF HIS PRAISE

"Why not?" we are inclined to exclaim when we hear that in Hampshire the vicar of Eastleigh organised an Industrial Harvest Festival.

Rejoice in and give thanks for the works of men, sanctified by the dignity of toil! Is not an engine as worthy of recognition as a giant marrow? The



The model train in Eastleigh Church

answer at Eastleigh is that each alike is something to be thankful for.

So the Hampshire Agricultural College went to church in procession with the kindly fruits of the Earth carried on an up-to-date trailer. The local cable works exhibited their wonderful strands of wire and the copper bars from which they are made. This Pirelli company is proud to have made the biggest ocean cable in the world.

The Southern Railway sent locomotive parts and a model engine.

So the church at Eastleigh became a little show of local work.

A KINDNESS WEEK

Keep on keeping on steadily, and make special efforts as well.

That must be the motto of people who would get things done. Animal welfare societies have long been working to have the use of steel-toothed traps for catching rabbits declared illegal; every reader of the C N knows that these traps cause hours of needless suffering, not only to the rabbits for which they are set but to birds and domestic animals. Now the RSPCA has planned a campaign week (October 21 to 27) to make known more widely the present methods of trapping rabbits and the kinder alternatives, nets and shooting.

Sympathisers are asked to cooperate by showing posters, obtainable free from 105 Jermyn Street, London, writing to local papers, and interesting the Churches.

BIRTHDAY OF THE PLATYPUS

Birthdays in a zoo come and go, and there are not many candles or cakes; but on September 26 there was a most important birthday at Melbourne Zoo.

On that day the platypus celebrated its first year's captivity. The platypus is one of the most difficult creatures in the world to keep alive, but this zoo platypus had been happy all the year in a specially-built pond with muddy banks and overhanging rocks, with ferns and reeds in which it could hide from the crowds always wishing to see it. It is on its way to establishing a record for living in captivity.

A MAP YOU WOULD LIKE

One of the best of all the Abyssinian maps is that issued by the Daily Telegraph, printed in six colours, folded compactly, and containing on the cover a brief summary of the features of the country. It costs 6d, or 7d by post.

OUR FIRST PRINCE FOR 30 YEARS

ALL the world loves a baby, and everyone forgot the war and the League for a little while last week to read about the birth of a prince in London.

The new member of our Royal Family descends through his father, George, Duke of Kent, from William the Conqueror and our Saxon kings, and through his mother, Marina, from the royal houses of Denmark and Greece. He is the seventh heir to the throne, the others in order of succession being:

The Prince of Wales
The Duke of York
Princess Elizabeth
Princess Margaret Rose
The Duke of Gloucester
The Duke of Kent

Our little prince has small prospect of wearing the crown, but he has had

the good fortune to be born into one of the happiest and best-loved royal families the world has ever known. When he grows up he will be able to point out to his friends some genealogical facts peculiar to himself.

For instance, he is the first prince born to the House of Windsor and the first grandson of our King entitled to be called prince. He is, indeed, the first prince to be born in our land for thirty years.

The new prince is the fifth grandchild of the King and the only one who can claim royal blood on both sides.

One other unique honour is his; he is the first son a Duke of Kent has ever had, so the people of our most ancient county may regard him with a feeling of special pride.

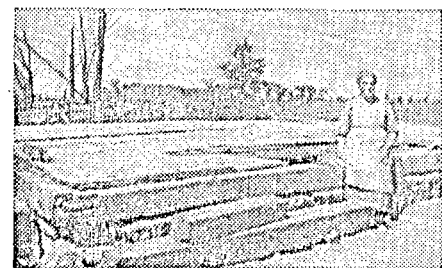
CARRYING AWAY THE ROOF

AMONG the terrible experiences on land and sea which have marked the recent storms one visitation was as freakish as any recorded.

The high wind which suddenly struck a northern town rushed through it with a width of only a few yards, cutting a lane of wreckage as it passed. Iron sheeting from farm buildings was whirled into the air and dropped three miles away. Tornadoes of this nature frequently occur in tropical countries, but they are rarer in other parts of the world.

A reader of the C N in Ontario, however, has just sent us a photograph of what a storm only 100 yards wide did in the Canadian village of Newington. It not only picked up a boy and hurled him

to his death against a wall 100 yards away, but it lifted a house, furniture and all, leaving only the solid base. Even



this base was lifted up, exposing to the sky a mother and child who had taken refuge in the cellar below.

THE BEGGARS IN THEIR CAR

WE are often made to wonder whether fiction borrows from fact or whether fact is fiction in real life.

Books of romance tell us, and sensational films show us, the life behind the scenes of beggars who change their rags at night for good clothes and luxury.

There may be something in it, judging from an incident at Nottingham during the recent Goose Fair, where police arrested five men for begging. Two were cripples, and all five gave addresses in or near London. How had they got to Nottingham?

They had a car, and when the police pounced on them all five made off in it. Overtaken and brought before the magistrates, they were proved to make a living by driving from fair to fair, begging.

This eclipses anything told in the autobiography of W. H. Davies, the poet, who was for years a tramp in England and America. Cars had not become common in his day, but he shows us how beggars travel about the American continent by hiding themselves

in freight trains, living on the fat of the land, given them by the charitable and credulous.

His English career began at Rugby, where he met a burly ragged fellow who, having given him food and two or three pints of beer, took him out to sing hymns in the streets. The big man bowed himself into the likeness of a feeble veteran, and whined his hymns with the voice of distressful age. The poet joined him in singing, and in one street they collected twenty pennies before the police appeared.

Davies thought that good, but his leader told him that he sang too quickly and lustily, bidding him drawl his low notes to make them last, and to cut short the difficult high notes as if they gave him spasms in his side.

Next day, the poet having refused to continue the partnership, the big man, borrowing a little child from its mother at the lodging-house, set forth on his round with her as a partner in his begging.

EYES AND NO EYES

EXCEPT life itself there is no gift to be compared with sight, and no miracle which appeals to us so nearly as that of giving sight to the blind.

This miracle has been more than once performed by surgeons who have grafted skin sensitive to light on blind eyes; but another kind of seeing was mentioned at the Optical Congress at Oxford which has no such explanation. An optician, Mr C. S. Flick, asserted that some blind people have a special sense enabling them to see objects of certain kinds under certain conditions.

He described it as a special sensitivity to light such as is shared by nearly all living creatures, whether they appear to possess the organs of sight or not. He suggested that there might still be felt within the skin thousands of minute primitive eyes which, though with ordinary people they are never called on to exercise the faculty of perceiving light, are yet capable of response to it.

Many blind people are not shut out entirely from light. Sir Ian Fraser, the blind Chairman of St Dunstan's,

was one of several who said that the blind man's mental impression of his surroundings was not one of complete darkness, but consisted usually of a rosy background across which irregular patches of light seemed to float. Others who know St Dunstan's have asserted that a blind man can tell at once when an object is put near his eyes.

Visitors to institutions for the blind are continually astonished by the aptitude which the sightless display for recognising their surroundings. It is almost like the bat's aptitude, which is said to be not sight but an inherited instinct of the movement of air currents.

But Mr Flick brought forward examples which appeared to rest on good evidence of people who when blindfolded had been able to distinguish colour and form or even to read the big print of a newspaper. These must be exceptional examples, but few who recall the marvellous ability of sightless and deaf Helen Keller will be prepared to deny that sometimes the blind are recompensed with a special sense.

THE DOCTORS CROSS

THE WORLD

BMA's Biggest Journey

It is all over, but one of our Australian correspondents sends us this note on the great conference of the BMA in Australia.

For one week physicians and surgeons from all over the world met in Melbourne for the 103rd congress of the British Medical Association.

This was only the fourth time in its long history that the BMA had met out of England; on three occasions it has met in Canada. This was its first world tour.

By trains, cars, planes, and ships the doctors arrived at Melbourne. There were over 3000 visitors from hundreds of Australian towns and remote country districts, from New Zealand, South Africa, South India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Canada, and England. One ship alone, the Aorangi, carried 140 doctors with their families, representing in fares and luggage a sum of £150,000.

With this visit the University of Melbourne was shaken out of its academic calm, and for one week cloisters were thronged and lecture-rooms were packed. The lectures and demonstrations were the outstanding contribution of the meetings, and it was agreed that they reached as high a level as at any other congress.

LIFE COMES AND GOES

Two Remarkable Stories

London hospitals have lately revealed how narrow and mysterious is the gap between life and death.

At the National Temperance Hospital, while a man was being examined under an anaesthetic, first his breathing and then his heart stopped. Artificial respiration restored his breathing; his heart began to beat again. It seemed as if he had been brought back from death to life. That state of life lasted 12 hours before it was again extinguished.

The second case was that of a woman at the Charing Cross Hospital whose heart was so deranged that only a daring operation could have saved her life. During its performance her heart stopped for seven minutes, her breathing for a whole hour. Then both resumed activity, and it seemed that she might live a second life, though that hope was unhappily unfulfilled.

THE FIRST TREE THERE

How Johannesburg Began

Those who know Johannesburg can tell those who do not know it that the city is very rich in trees.

Tall forest trees shed cool shadows, and flowering trees bear great clusters of colour in that city; but 50 years ago it was only a barren plain. We are reminded of this by the passing-on of the lady who planted the first tree there.

She was Elizabeth McKechnie, a brilliant young pianist who married Percy Whitehead in 1881 and spent her honeymoon trekking in an ox-wagon from the Orange Free State to Natal. Twice more they trekked, as the husband tried his luck first at farming and then at mining.

The wife of a pioneer has to work hard, but in the evening Mrs Whitehead would play the piano. Their home was always in a rough neighbourhood, and their neighbours lived in tents or shacks; but there were always men eager to listen to her music, and it was like a lantern in dark places.

When they came to the Rand goldfields they found a city of tents on a barren plain. There was gold there, but little beauty. Then Mrs Whitehead came with her piano, moved into the only house which was built of wood, and planted the first tree. Now, instead of a wooden shack and a single tree, there stands Johannesburg, bowered with trees.

60,000 BARRELS OF HERRINGS

Russia Buying Again

Herrings are going ahead again. We do not eat them sufficiently ourselves, but abroad the old buyers are coming forward.

Russia, which has already bought 50,000 barrels of the Scottish catch, is now buying 60,000 barrels from the East Coast.

The bonny Scottish lassies who come south every year to prepare the fish are needed in greater numbers than for some time past. In 1913 we exported £7,500,000 worth of fish, and herrings formed the greater part of this shipment. Last year our fish exports were worth only £3,100,000.

The Herring Board is preventing unwise competition and rules the lowest price at which catches are to be sold.

THE QUEEN MARY GROWING UP

A Glasgow correspondent calls our attention to a rather misleading description in the C N of the tonnage of the Queen Mary, as she was when launched on the Clyde and as she is now when being prepared for sea.

Her tonnage at launching was stated at 40,000 tons. She will take the sea as a 73,000-ton liner. The C N, to emphasise the magnitude of the additions now being made to her, spoke of them as adding 33,000 tons to her weight.

This is a loose way of describing the tonnage of a merchant vessel. In the case of battleships the tonnage is estimated by the weight of water the ship displaces; but the tonnage of a merchant vessel is estimated in a different way—by her cubic capacity. The tonnage of the Queen Mary, expressed as 73,000 tons, is merely another way of saying that her capacity when complete will be 7,300,000 cubic feet. For convenience 100 cubic feet is taken to represent one ton.

YOU MAY NOT SKETCH IN COURT

A cat may look at a king, but an artist may not draw a magistrate on the bench. This is the law.

A certain lightning artist would have found this out to his cost had not the magistrates been so delighted with his sketches that they let him off.

He made sketches from the public gallery at Enfield court. He was told that for each offence the penalty was £50 maximum, and he had made 13 sketches! The Chairman asked to see the sketches before pronouncing judgment, and, laughing heartily, handed them to his brother magistrates.

The defendant said he was unaware that he was not allowed to make sketches.

"Are you specially anxious to have these sketches?" asked the Chairman, and the defendant wisely took the hint and said No, presenting them to the magistrates to take home to their wives.

GERMANY WANTS MORE OIL

Germany, like ourselves, is dependent on foreign oil, and in Germany, as here, diligent search is being made for domestic supplies.

Germany's consumption is estimated at 4,000,000 tons a year. It is stated that further expansion of the use of the Diesel engine would not be welcomed at present, for the use of Diesel oil will soon amount to 800,000 tons yearly, while the home production is only 120,000 tons.

So prospecting for oil is urgent, and five new oilfields have been discovered.

See World Map

THE SLEEPY DRIVER

The law against long hours for lorry drivers is being enforced. Fines amounting to £20 with £10 costs were imposed the other day on a certain transport company on summonses relating to drivers working unlawfully long hours.

The overworked driver nodding at his wheel is a danger to us all.

THE OLD FRIEND OPPOSITE THE SCHOOL

The headmistress of Newhall Council School at Burton-on-Trent sends us this story of kind hearts young and old.

In a little house opposite the school lived an old man. When he died at 83 it was found that he had left £50 to give the children a treat because he had had many hours of pleasure watching them come and go and play their games.

The wording of the will did not permit a permanent memorial to be bought with the money, so the 900 children enjoyed a tea and an entertainment. After the tea the senior girls decided that the children should buy a vase for the old man's grave and keep it filled with flowers each week in recognition of his kind thought for them.

A MAN FLIES SEVEN MILES HIGH

The Russians seem to have a special genius for aviation.

The Soviet pilot Victor Yevseyev recently flew a single-seater aeroplane into the stratosphere, reaching a height of more than seven miles.

The time between his leaving the ground and landing again was ninety minutes. Mr Yevseyev used a special oxygen breathing apparatus of his own design. At times the temperature during the flight was 92 below freezing-point!

THE SAILOR'S CLUB

International Congresses are an excellent feature of our time.

The latest is the Sea Apostolate International Congress, which has just met in London. Fifteen nations were represented, and one subject discussed was Better Clubs for Sailors. The sailor in port sorely needs better club accommodation. Father Ivor Daniel called many of the existing ones merely Holes. "Sailors tell me," he said, "that they would rather stay under the street lamps in the rain than go into some of them."

THE 20TH-CENTURY TRAIN

New Ideas in Travel Taking Shape

We have so often reproached the railways for neglecting our comfort that it is a pleasure to note signs of awakening to the fact that passengers are human beings.

The first quick-lunch and snack bar in this country for railway passengers has been opened at Paddington. The bar is of horseshoe design with chromium-plated stools, the service being by elegant gentlemen dressed in white.

To reduce noise at stations the L M S is at last equipping 510 platform luggage barrows with rubber tyres.

"Mystery" trips or cruises of adventure by streamlined rail-cars from Worcester have been successful, and will be repeated.

The L M S has just completed the first of what may be called a "hotel bedroom on wheels" for the London-Scottish service.

Each compartment conforms, within the limits of space, to the standard of a first-class hotel bedroom, and has a distinctive colour scheme of yellow, green, blue, or beige, with a rug and bed overlay to match. A combined heating and ventilating system of the induced air type, with independent control for each compartment, is provided, together with a steam radiator.

15 MPH

Drastic proposals for public safety were made by Mr C. R. Enock at a meeting of the Society of Engineers.

Mr Enock urges that if we really desire to save the thousands of lives now destroyed on our roads we must set up a speed limit of 15 or at most 20 miles an hour, and order that no motor-vehicle licensed for road use shall be capable of exceeding the legal limit.

FORESTRY RESEARCH
The owners of a well-wooded 2000-acre estate on Lake Nazimaw have given it to the Ontario Government for the purpose of forestry research.

ANTI-STARLING BALLOONS
Last autumn the flocks of starlings that roost on Washington buildings were scared away by men with rattles. This year balloons on long strings are to be used.

FAMOUS RAILWAY TO GO?
The 64-mile trestle railway over the chain of islands known as the Florida Keys has been so badly damaged by hurricanes that "the trains that go to sea" may run no more.

TRADING SEASON ENDS
The last trading vessels of the season are now loading up at Godthaab and Godhavn in Greenland to get away before the ice forms. Their cargoes include blubber, furs, and eiderdown.

CLEOPATRA'S TEMPLE
A British expedition is searching for the remains of a temple which Cleopatra built at Arment; also for the graves of a people whose settlements have been found.

EUROPEAN OILFIELDS
In Northern Germany a number of oil-borings have been made recently, some proving profitable. In the Campine district of Belgium oil is believed to have been traced, and a boring is being made. See news columns.

GLACIERS FOUND
In the course of a three-months expedition on the northern side of the Karakoram Mountains a Dutch explorer discovered 18 unknown glaciers, some of them 16 miles long.

FALLS TO LIGHT A TOWN
The tumbling waters of Victoria Falls are to be made to supply electricity for the town of Livingstone. A new hydro-electric station is being erected near the Silent Pool.

RAIN OF JELLYFISH
During a shower the streets of the town of Frankston became covered with little jellyfish which fell with the rain.

FLOODS BRING SNAKES
A typhoon on the east coast of Japan caused floods which swept poisonous snakes into the suburbs of Tokyo. The inhabitants were warned by the police.

NEW GOLD VEIN
The finding of more than a dozen fine nuggets by prospectors in the Altai goldfields has led to the tracing of an unusually rich vein of gold-bearing rock.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP

Equator—the middle line round the globe

Locations marked on the map include: Godthaab, Godhavn, Lake Nazimaw, Washington, Florida Keys, Arment, Livingstone, Victoria Falls, Karakoram Range, Tokyo, Frankston, and the Altai region.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 19 1935



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Things To Be Left Out

How many people have missed the phrase Inner Circle from the Underground?

When we travel Underground in London we see splendid new trains, gaily coloured, so comfortable that we have to look twice to be sure we are in the third class and not first. On the front of these trains is a bold sign with the word CIRCLE. It used to be Inner Circle; there is no need of the Inner because there is no longer an Outer Circle.

Thinking of that missing word we begin to wonder what other words could be dropped.

A young journalist once went to an older man and asked how he could best learn his trade. He was advised to imagine he was sending his news across the Atlantic, paying 10s a word, at his own expense, and that would lead to his leaving out all unnecessary words.

But it is not only words that may be left out to advantage; we have far too many ornaments and books and pictures. Waiting in a small drawing-room, we once counted the ornaments to pass the time; tea-sets and vases and a host of little things to dust, in all 250 things to make needless work. We have seen thousands of things on the tables of a restaurant. Even of books, the best furniture of all, we can have too many. We might want them some day, we think, and keep them for years without looking at them. Most of our readers are at the beginning of collecting books, and might well take care to keep only good companions. Most of us have too many possessions; we should enjoy them more if we had less.

We are living in a world in which there is plenty to do without burdening ourselves with what is useless. We need all our energy for things that really matter. If we were going on a long journey we should think out carefully what things were necessary, what things were pleasant but not really necessary, and what things were merely baggage and would take up more room and cost us more to carry than they were worth. Then we should choose.

We are going on a wonderful journey. Mankind has still many things to leave out on its journey, things of far less use than the word Inner on the Underground Railway. Let us begin by dropping what we do not need (whether it be habits or prejudices or opinions or merely small possessions), and let us concentrate on the vital things of life.

The Ugly Thing

THE beautiful Waterloo Bridge is nearly down.

The beautiful Lambeth Bridge is growing in popularity.

The ugly Charing Cross Bridge will soon be the only shabby thing left in London. It stands like a thing belonging to a mean backyard in a city of superb dignity.

Little George and His Hoop

It is a little late, but we have never before had an opportunity to express our thanks to the Clergy of Holy Trinity at Hull for releasing from gaol little George Foster aged 10.

He was born in that year of revolutions 1848, and to celebrate his tenth birthday he was making a few revolutions with his hoop, and was sent to gaol for seven days, for he was trundling his hoop in the middle of Wellington Street!

Our Spiritual Isle

A GERMAN pastor of the Confessional Church which has not bowed the knee to Herr Hitler was paying a visit to England.

After attending a series of religious gatherings he was so struck with the atmosphere of freedom at a meeting that he turned to a friend and said, "Your country is a spiritual isle set in the midst of a troubled sea of fear and danger."

Another religious worker from the land of Herr Hitler was staying in an English home. When he came down to breakfast his hostess greeted him with, "I hope you have slept well?" and he replied, "Marvellous! It is the first peaceful night I have enjoyed for six months without the nightmare of secret police."

Are You Helping Your Country?

THERE are those who criticise the tactics of Lord Haig and those who admire him devotedly; but none will criticise the advice he gave to a young nephew long ago:

Don't let the lives of mediocrities about you deflect you from the determination to belong to the few who can command or guide or benefit our great Empire. It is not ambition. This is duty.

It is a memorable saying. We may not dream of being a Commander in our great British Commonwealth, but everyone can choose in youth whether to follow a career which will help it, or to slip into the nearest rut and be useless.

A Word From Shakespeare

To One Who is Ambitious

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
Richard the Third

A New League

SURELY if all the women
Living in all the lands
Ringed the Earth as a garland
Clasping each other's hands,
Saying, "Ye love your children
Even as I love mine.
Fear not: their hands shall never
Dip in the blood of thine,"
Then must the war lords listen,
Then must the loud lies cease.
Love, are you less than Hatred?
Love, you could give us Peace!

Janet Farwell

Tip-Cat

A GOAT ate some films. Took his own photograph.

ALL London's buses and trams bear the slogan *Good Manners is the Secret of Road Safety*. It is no longer a secret.

A WRITER says young people today are like each other. But don't always like each other.

SOME Territorials are equipped with mirrors as an aid to smartness. Cause for reflection.

RAILWAY sandwich jokes are stale, but are they as stale as the sandwiches?

Peter Puck Wants to Know

If a book reviewer lives in a critical condition



BRITISH railways are best. Anyhow, they are on the right track.

SCOTLAND YARD has a kinema of its own. And usually an arresting programme.

SOME people lack the driving force necessary for success. And the car.

A HIKER said he was tired out. Ought to have stayed in.

SOME materials are said to wear clean. Some wear clean through.

CERTAIN people dodge paying full fare on the Underground. A low down trick.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

ABOUT 500 new telephones are now being fixed every weekday.

RECEIPTS from broadcast charity appeals increased by £31,000 last year.

JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps, when this pitiful tragedy is over, the nations will learn to carry out the policy of the most farsighted politician, the greatest diplomat, the world has ever known: Love thy neighbour as thyself.

The Boyish Master of the World

By a Spaniard

THE Englishman's heart is perhaps capricious or silent; it is seldom designing or mean. It is easier for him to break opposition than to circumvent it. What governs the Englishman is his inner atmosphere, the weather in his soul.

Instinctively the Englishman is no missionary, no conqueror. He prefers the country to the town, and home to foreign parts. He is rather glad and relieved if only natives will remain natives and strangers strangers, and at a comfortable distance from himself.

Yet outwardly he is most hospitable, and accepts almost anybody for the time being; he travels and conquers without a settled design, because he has the instinct of exploration. His adventures are all external; they change him so little that he is not afraid of them.

He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert and a steady and sane oracle among all the deliriums of mankind.

Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls, and fanatics manage to supplant him.

George Santayana

A Prayer For Thankful Hearts

Dear God, quicken us that we may live. Give us thankful hearts that we may see and be glad for flowers, sunsets, trees, and many-sounding seas; for people's smiles and friendship and lovely laughter.

Help us to live greatly, quick to see the godlike, the beauty and greatness of others.

Help us to live courageously, that we may turn our sufferings into deeper understanding, and ever rise with newer strength from our failures.

Be very near to the weary and the sorrowing. Make known to them the beauty of Thy peace. Amen.

Trust Not To Chance

Trust not to chance.
Chance will not do the work; chance sends the breeze,
But if the pilot slumber at the helm
The very wind that wafts us toward the port

May dash us on the shelves;
The steersman's part is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth.

Sir Walter Scott

Plato Looks Forward

Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of the beautiful and graceful; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and receive the good in everything; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason.

Let us take our hats off to the Past but our coats off to the Future.

An Australian Scoutmaster

A GOOD THING ENDING

WASHINGTON TREATY AND THE WORLD

Japan No Longer Supports the Great Peace Agreement

64 BATTLESHIPS SCRAPPED

One of the critical events of next year will be the lapse of the Washington Treaty, with the terms of which Japan is no longer in agreement.

Few events in history have been more dramatic than this agreement between the five greatest Sea Powers in the world to limit their powers of destruction. This is what happened.

The great decision was arrived at in Washington early in 1922. Acting on the advice of his secretary Mr C. E. Hughes, President Harding, who had recently succeeded Woodrow Wilson, invited Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy to send representatives to discuss naval matters. His object was to prevent naval rivalry, especially in the Pacific Ocean, and to give China a chance to settle down.

A Unique Treaty

This conference resulted in a Treaty which was unique in the story of the world, for the five Great Powers agreed to break up one hundred million pounds worth of their battleships and thus create the biggest rubbish heaps in history. They also laid down limits for their navies until the end of 1936.

It was capital ships which were chiefly affected, and a capital ship was defined as a war vessel exceeding 10,000 tons or carrying any gun of a calibre over eight inches. A ratio was decided which permitted the British Empire and America to have 20 such battleships, Japan 12, and France and Italy 7 each.

Cost of the Ships Destroyed

When the Treaty was signed Britain, America, and Japan had each more ships than this allowance. We proceeded to scrap 20 battleships which had cost something like £32,000,000. Those that remained were already on the high seas, but America and Japan had actually to scrap 19 ships which were still on the building stocks.

At the time it was estimated that the cost to America was £37,000,000 and to Japan about £31,000,000. The most costly of the ships which went on the scrap heap was the American battleship Iowa, which, although unfinished, had already cost nearly £3,000,000.

Great Britain took the lead in carrying out the Treaty to which she had set her hand, and before many months had passed such famous ships as the Lion (flagship of Lord Beatty at Jutland), the Orion, the Princess Royal, and the Erin had been reduced to scrap metal, their guns broken to fragments and melted in furnaces.

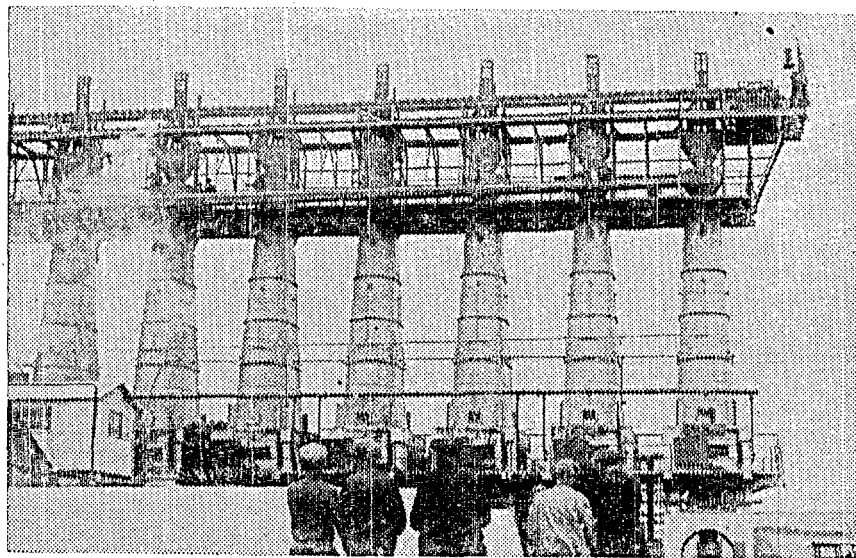
A Feeling of Security

Among the other decisions reached at Washington was a limit to the tonnage of aircraft carriers, an agreement not to prepare merchant vessels for war, and a promise by the five Powers to inform each other of war vessels that were being built in their shipyards to the order of other States.

The Powers also signed a Treaty condemning submarines and poison gas. The British Empire, America, and Japan also agreed not to increase their fortifications in the Pacific.

The result of this conference ensured for many years a feeling of security throughout the world. There were at any rate 64 mighty battleships scrapped and not replaced, and it had been proved that rival nations sitting round a table could agree on steps which would ensure national dignity in a world at peace.

IS FATHER PETROL GROWING OLD?



A battery of retorts in which oil is obtained from coal

His Probable Retirement as the Century Goes On

WILL our oil run out? Is Father Petrol, who has made the opening years of this century so romantic and wonderful, growing an old man, coming to his end?

Only a few years ago, when the enormous expansion of the motor industry was realised, many fears were expressed that the oil and petrol supplies of the world could not long hold out. It seemed inevitable that something would have to be found to take the place of petrol. Alcohol is already used as a motor fuel to some extent, and the mixture of alcohol with benzol has also proved a successful motor spirit.

Alcohol can be produced in almost unlimited quantities from wood pulp, grass, grain, wastepaper, and most kinds of vegetable matter, so that we know it would always be possible to produce our motor spirit. But will that really be necessary, or will some other source of power be discovered?

One survey of the position in the United States suggests that there must be a serious shortage of oil within five to eight years, if not sooner, and that unless unforeseen new sources are discovered we shall soon be on the borderland of a petrol famine. The first method of conserving supplies will be to raise the price, and it will be when petrol jumps up to two or three shillings a gallon that chemists will concentrate on the production of a substitute.

There still remains untold wealth in the form of shale oil, not only in England but in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and many Eastern countries; but the sulphur in shale, which causes corrosion of the

motor-engine if used as a spirit, still obstinately defeats all efforts of the chemist to remove it. Perhaps some new resistant alloy may be discovered which will enable it to be used, or the chemist will yet triumph; but today shale oil, like the oil sands of Athabasca, is as elusive as ever.

More promising of success are the efforts now being made to obtain oil from coal. Experts tell us that the world's coal should suffice for anything from one to two thousand years, and here is one possible solution of the car's future.

The conversion of coal into electricity at big central stations is expected to make electric current vastly cheaper in a few years. Immense progress has been made and is still being made both in the storage battery and in the electric motor. We can thus visualise electrically-driven cars with stations supplying current along the roadsides, for with new forms of the storage battery the filling (actually recharging) can be done in a few minutes. An advantage of the modern storage battery not usually realised is that certain forms of plate can be made fully charged, and that a spare battery could be carried by a car in the dry form which would only want filling with acid to drive the car at any rate to the next charging station. In these days of rapid progress there are many avenues partially explored which might lead at any moment to startling changes.

But the fact remains that Father Petrol appears to be gradually becoming an old man, who will have to retire or slow his pace as the present century grows older.

TO SCALE THE HIMALAYAS

THE French are to enter the lists in the struggle of man to climb to the top of the mighty peaks of the Himalayas.

Permission has now been given by the British to the Alpine Club of France to proceed with preparations for the first ascent its nationals have made toward the roof of the world, and the Karakoram Mountains in Kashmir, nearly 1000 miles from Mount Everest, have been selected. Here towers Mount Godwin-Austen at 28,250 feet, the second highest mountain in the world, 892 feet less than Everest and 100 feet higher than Kinchinjunga. The Karakoram range is the most northerly in India, and is one of the most impressive, with a line of glaciers extending for 200 miles.

The reason why the French have been so late in the field is that they have had to wait their turn; so vast is the organisation needed in preparations at the base, and so sparse the population there, that the authorities will only permit one or two expeditions a year. Up to the present as many as 80

expeditions have essayed the outstanding heights of the Himalayas, including English, German, Italian, and international parties, yet only the English have achieved great success, their victory being in 1924, when Mallory and Irvine disappeared in the clouds at a height of over 27,000 feet.

Last year a German expedition made its second attack on Nanga-Parbat, 26,629 feet high, and also in Kashmir, but a tempest overwhelmed them and ten were lost.

The chief danger to be met with on these gigantic mountain chains is the mousson, a cloud-laden wind which sweeps across India to strike against the mountain wall face, and there to burst down in the most terrible snowstorms in the world.

The French Alpine Club has been working on its scheme for 18 months while waiting for the British permission to come along; it will be many months more before the ascent can begin. We wish the gallant band good luck in their high endeavour.

QUICK PICTURES FROM ANYWHERE THE FORTUNATE FRENCH REPORTER

Wonder of Two Little Bags He Carries

G P O PLEASE COPY

The newspaper correspondent can now show the world what is happening at the same time as he tells his news; that is, if he is in France.

As long ago as 1920 we told in the C N of the work being done by M. Edouard Belin, the French inventor. He was then trying to perfect a way of sending pictures by wire. Now we learn that the French post office has inaugurated a new department which makes it possible for anybody in any French village to wire a photograph to anywhere in the world.

How the Picture Goes

For some years photographs have been successfully sent by wire, but only from big cities which were provided with the necessary instruments. Now a reporter in the most remote village of France can send his illustrated news to the other end of the Earth. All he has to do is to find the nearest post office, where a telegraphic cable will be put at his disposal.

This is how the picture goes. The reporter carries about with him two little bags, one containing an electric battery and the other a miniature belinograph. He links both instruments to the wires, places his photograph on a cylinder, sets the belinograph in motion, and the transmission is accomplished.

With the help of the belinograph each dot of a picture is sent off separately and reproduced by electric impulses on sensitive paper on another moving cylinder at the other end. Figures give some idea of the delicacy of the operation. Each of the dots into which the picture is split up for the purpose of transmission measures a 150th part of an inch, so that each square inch of photo is divided into 22,500 dots.

The Separate Dots

Each dot is sent off separately, yet a photograph measuring 7 inches by 5 can be transmitted in 12 minutes. At the other end the sensitive sheet is removed from its cylinder, developed, and fixed, and there is the reproduction.

The portable belinograph is M. Belin's latest improvement of photo-telegraphy, and no doubt it will soon be in demand in many other countries. We are sorry to see that England is behind France in this respect.

THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS And How To Cure Them

World Problems of Today. By Hebe Spaul. Student Christian Movement Press. 2s 6d.

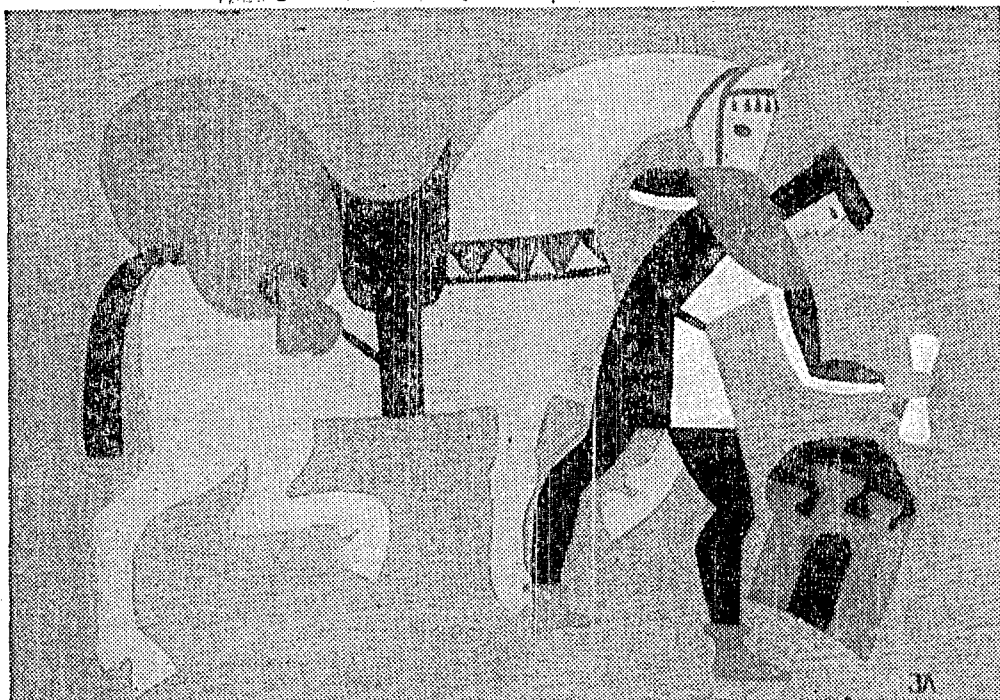
If the problems which the whole world is facing were explained to its peoples in the simple language and earnest spirit of this little book their solution would not be so long in coming.

The author gives a clear and simple statement of what is meant by Nationalism, Minorities, Over-Production, Over-Population, Race Prejudice, and Disarmament. She tells the story of the rise of Fascism in Italy and Communism in Russia and explains the loss of individual freedom.

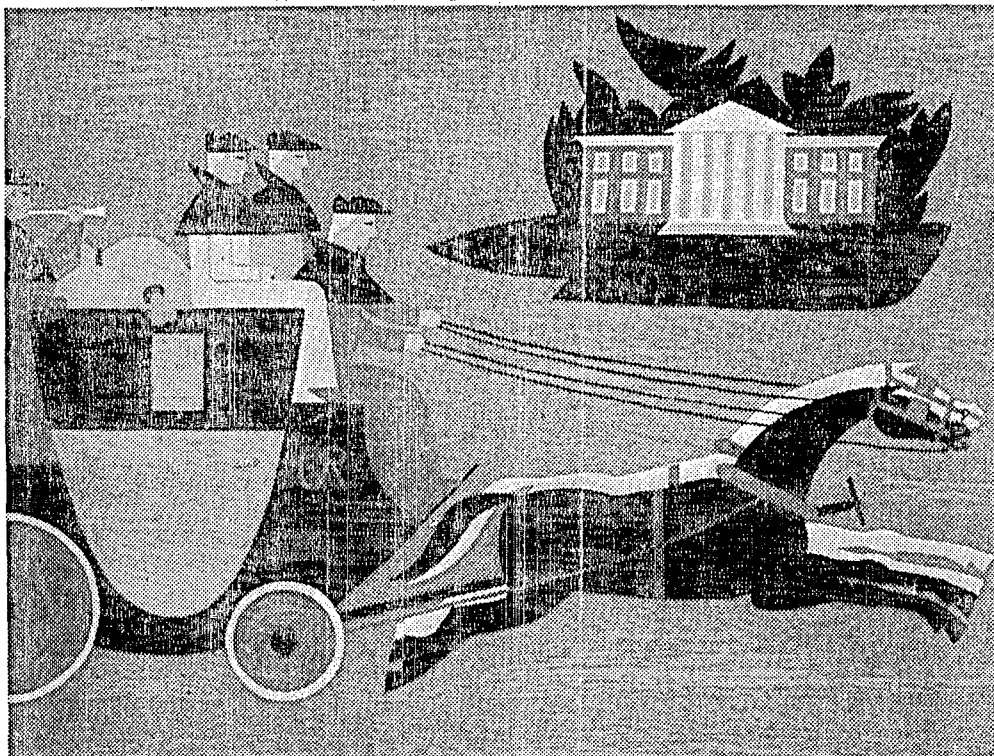
The condition of the world today, it is declared, is almost entirely due to fear, and we all know this is true.

The spirit of Christianity breathes through every page of the book, and as we read it we become more and more convinced that, if Christian peoples would make their guiding motive love and not hate, the troubles of the world would pass away.

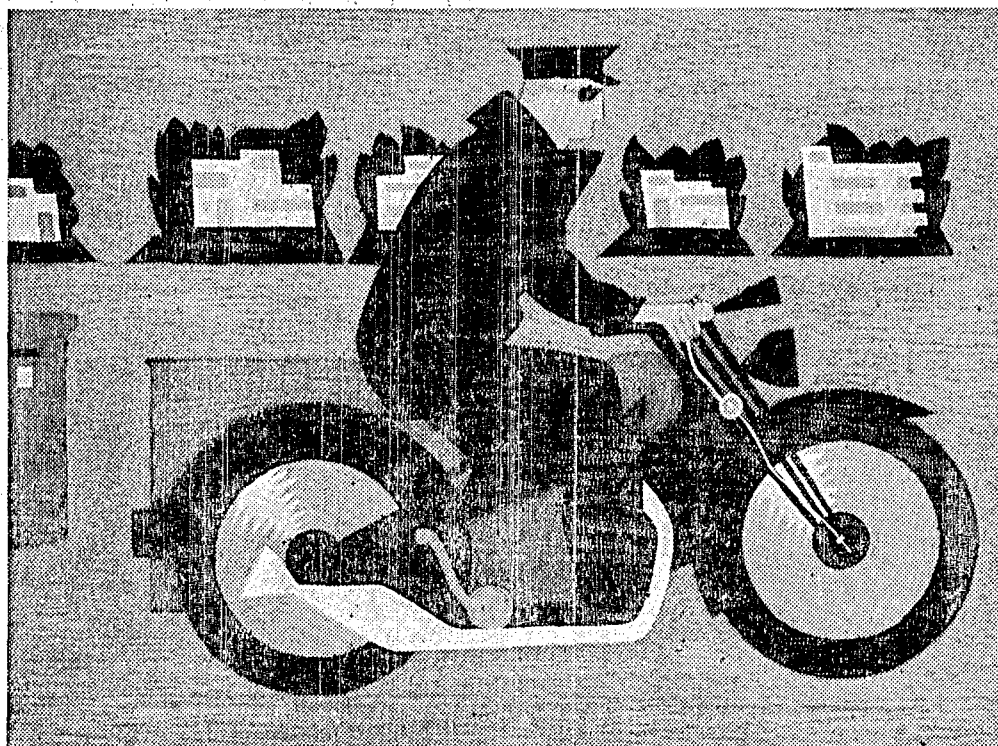
The Story of the Mails on Posters



A King's Messenger of Edward the Fourth's day, earliest forerunner in Britain of the modern postman



The first mail coach, which ran between London and Bristol in August 1784



The postman of today

Here are reproductions of some of the splendid posters illustrating the growth and development of modern communications which have been prepared by the Post Office for issue to schools.

ONE WAY OF MAKING FRIENDS

BETTER THAN MUSSOLINI'S

The Hungarian Dancers Who Came To Hyde Park

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF US

From Our Hungary Correspondent

Chancing to find myself in Budapest I was taken by a friend to an exhibition of folk-dancing given by genuine country folk who once a year leave their tilling and sowing and harvesting to show the town folk what they can do.

The huge theatre was crammed to overflowing, and the grace and vigour of these lads and lasses, the beauty of their costumes, the quaintness of the immemorial rites and customs which underlay both the dances and the songs, were among the most enchanting things it has ever been my lot to see.

The Thrill of the Evening

There were elderly people as well as children among these groups from 44 villages. We did not know which pleased us most: the Bridal Dance, or the Harvester's Dance, or the agile and intricate steps of the booted and spurred horse herds. But for me the thrill of the evening was to be introduced to some of the performers. Especially were they curious to meet one who was English, for 8 of them had been to London for the Folk Dancing Festival during the summer.

They had never been out of Hungary before, and it was fascinating to hear their impressions.

The most astounding experience had been the immensity of the sea, and after it the immensity of Victoria Station. When they had all been stowed, with their bundles, into a strange red bus, they would have liked to start singing to give themselves courage, but stopped themselves just in time. They had heard somewhere that the English were a cold and reserved people.

The English Not Cold

That the policemen had no weapons of any sort was the first thing which struck them in the streets—that, and the absence of horses. The food was not much to their liking at first, but when they discovered that there were eggs and bacon and bread to be got for the asking they were content.

But who could worry about food with so much loving-kindness streaming toward one from every side? The English cold? Don't you believe it! Why, there was nothing they would not do to make you happy! You were even allowed, after all, to sing in the buses as you were being transported to the City and the Tower and Hampton Court. The big policemen only smiled as you whirled noisily past them.

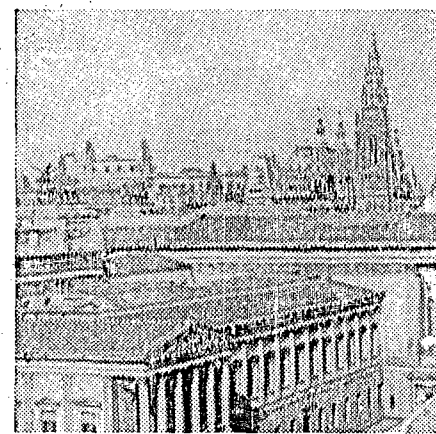
On the last night of their stay their own particular friend on the reception committee came to say Goodbye, distributing handshakes and cigarettes among the men, chocolates and hugs among the women. And would you believe it? She had to run away in the end because her eyes were as wet as those of her guests.

Brotherhood Among Nations

Leave had also to be taken of their fellow guests, the Swedes, Norwegians, French, Lithuanians, and so on, and this was no small matter, for they had become fast friends with them all. As Jancsi the horse herd put it, "a week ago I didn't know they existed, and now I love them like my brothers. I love every nation that is."

There are more ways than one of sowing brotherhood among the nations, and surely (I thought, as I returned to my seat) letting them dance and sing their way into each other's hearts is one of the nicest and best.

HOW THE LEAGUE



Vienna, the beautiful

Story of a Golden

ITALY has found two friends among the nations at the League Assembly. They are Austria and Hungary, both of whom have been saved from ruin by the League.

The story of the salvation of Austria is one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of international friendship.

Before the war Austria-Hungary was a dual empire under one emperor, with 60 million people speaking 11 languages. A feudal system still ruled over large areas of the empire.

The state of the country was appalling when the Armistice came. Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and part of Silesia had united to form a republic a fortnight before the Armistice; Hungary proclaimed herself an independent republic five days after the Armistice; Slovenia, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia declared their independence a few weeks later, and united with Serbia; and Austria herself became a republic on November 12.

Such was the condition of the old Austrian Empire when the Peace Conference met at Versailles. They tore the empire of the Hapsburgs into tatters and signed the Treaty of St. Germain, recognising the new States and settling the boundaries and status of the new Austria. Instead of ruling over 60,000,000 people, Austria was left with 6,000,000, one-third of these living in Vienna.

These people were left to get along as best they could, and terrible was their fate. The corn which had flowed regularly into Austria from Hungary came in no more, and the six millions were reduced to starvation. The coal from Czecho-Slovakia ceased to come. The citizens of the gayest city in Europe, the men and women who had belonged to one of the greatest ruling races in the world, were all hungry and despairing, famished and frozen. The plight of the children called out to the

LIFE AT EX

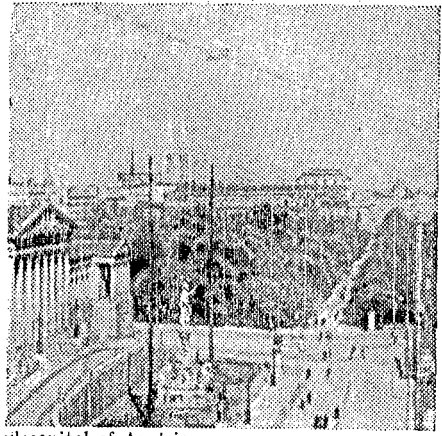
A NEW chapter has been added in a scientific publication by Mr F. P. Ide to the enthralling story of Mayflies, whose scientific name indicates the brevity of their life.

Issuing from the water of river, pond, ditch, or canal, in some seasons the multitudes of their dead bodies serve to manure the land near the scene of their birth and death.

But though they make their wedding flight, lay their eggs in the water, and die within a few hours after shedding the silken robe in which they have climbed from the water, they have been two, three, even more, years preparing for those few brief hours of beauty and glory when they take the air as lesser kindred of the majestic dragon-fly.

Thanks to Lord Avebury and other naturalists we knew that the life of the mayfly in the water was a long series of adventures, during which it moulted completely as many as 20 times, undergoing great changes in the process, first from a form in which it breathed by extracting oxygen from the water admitted by tubes into its body, and

WE SAVED AUSTRIA



Capital of Austria

A Deed at Geneva

world, and from America and Britain men and women hastened to help. One leading article in the CN raised £5000. Food and clothes were dispatched and millions of money flowed into the coffers of the new State.

But the rulers of Austria began to print paper money, and the result was that the value fell so rapidly that at last it would buy nothing. A man in Vienna who had £1000 in 1914 found in 1922 that it was not worth half-a-crown.

It was in this desperate situation that the Council of the League met, and within five weeks there was drawn up and launched a scheme which proved an unqualified success.

The first thing they did was to guarantee to Austria her own territory. Then they laid down what Austria must do to regain the confidence of her neighbours. She must cease to issue paper money unless there was security behind it. She must increase her taxes and the charges on her railways. She must dismiss from State employment 100,000 men who were not needed in so small a State, and who were thriving while ordinary people starved. In return she obtained loans secured on the revenue from her Customs and her monopoly of tobacco.

Two years were allowed for this reorganisation, and a wise Dutchman, Dr Zimmerman, was appointed to superintend the scheme. Thanks to his firmness and tact Austria was able to carry out the stern reforms laid upon her. When he reached Vienna Austria had only £700,000 behind her paper money, but within a few weeks the sum had risen to £3,000,000. Then came £25,000,000 in foreign loans.

By the reduction of the country's expenses, the establishment of a national bank, and a new currency Austria was able to pay her way like an honest nation. By 1926 she was able to stand alone.

PRESS SPEED

then gradually developing gills, like a fish or frog. Mr Ide has gone farther; he has traced one species through 30 moults, and another through 45! The mayflies must find it very queer, one would think, for they do not merely change size, as a moulted caterpillar does; each moult is accompanied by a change of structure, by an addition to the segments in the hinder part of the body, by the addition of new organs and by the loss of old.

Many greater insects which pass their larval stages in the water undergo but a tenth of the moults demanded of the mayfly. Mr Ide thinks the constant succession of changes in the mayfly is not so much to admit of growth and change of structure as to accustom the larva to change of environment.

But what can be greater than the changed conditions of the larval dragonfly and its perfect form, or of the water-breathing tadpole and the drought-resisting land-dwelling toad?

There is a mystery here, which we shall ponder with fresh interest when mayflies next dance in their swarming revolutions over the water.

JUSTICE UNDER THE BANYAN TREE

A Court Across the World SCENE BEYOND THE EDGE OF CIVILISATION

Under a banyan tree by the Daly River in Australia's Northern Territory one of the strangest courts of justice has just been held.

There had been deadly trouble between two of the aboriginal tribes westward of the river, the Brinkens and Moyles, and the tribes of the Daly River area, Mulluk Mulluk, Angulmeri, and Waukaman men. Two natives had lost their lives, and the coroner from Port Darwin had travelled 140 miles to look into it.

Before the inquiry began the coroner, Mr V. L. Lampe, and the Deputy Protector of Aborigines, Dr W. B. Kirkland, drove through miles of jungle country on an old truck to collect evidence about the cause of the dispute, which was said to have arisen because the tribes with the bad lands had invaded the fertile country nearer the river to seek food.

Interruptions in Court

When the court assembled under the banyan tree all the formalities were observed, though the Bench consisted of petrol cases, boxes and drums were the only other seats, and the tables for the Press were planks on trestles. Everybody rose to the call of silence as the coroner took his seat on a petrol case. The only interruption came from a young parrot obtained by the coroner from a Blackfellow which squawked loudly from its perch under a branch of the banyan tree.

When the court had been proceeding for some time one of the more blameless members of the Waukaman tribe, who had been commissioned to catch fish for the party's lunch, arrived on the outskirts with his catch and caused some confusion by interrupting the witnesses and the interpreter.

The witnesses, on the whole, gave their evidence plainly and simply. One of them named Many Finger Toe, who had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, said he saw the spear thrown which converted a sort of free-for-all fight into a tragedy. The spear was a bamboo stick with a piece of sharpened yilly-yilly wood stuck in the end.

The White Man's Justice

It became clear that most of the Blackfellows regarded the fight as the kind of thing which might happen any day and the spear-throwing as a breach of the rules. Nevertheless, when the spear-thrower had been identified he had to be sent to Port Darwin for trial.

It is part of the White Man's justice as administered in the Northern Territory that, though such occurrences cannot be overlooked and must be punished severely, the guilty one is sentenced only to imprisonment. A few miles from Port Darwin is the prison where the Blackfellow convicts serve their term. The writer once visited it, and the Blackfellows were paraded for inspection. They seemed a very happy lot, and we learned that the hardship they most felt was in being shut up at night, a very real punishment to aborigines who all their lives have no roof but the sky.

20 LITTLE PYTHONS

The Zoo python that has been tending eggs with such care and patience has been rewarded for her trouble.

Twenty of its 33 eggs have hatched out, and the youngsters have the distinction of being the first of these snakes to be born at the Zoo.

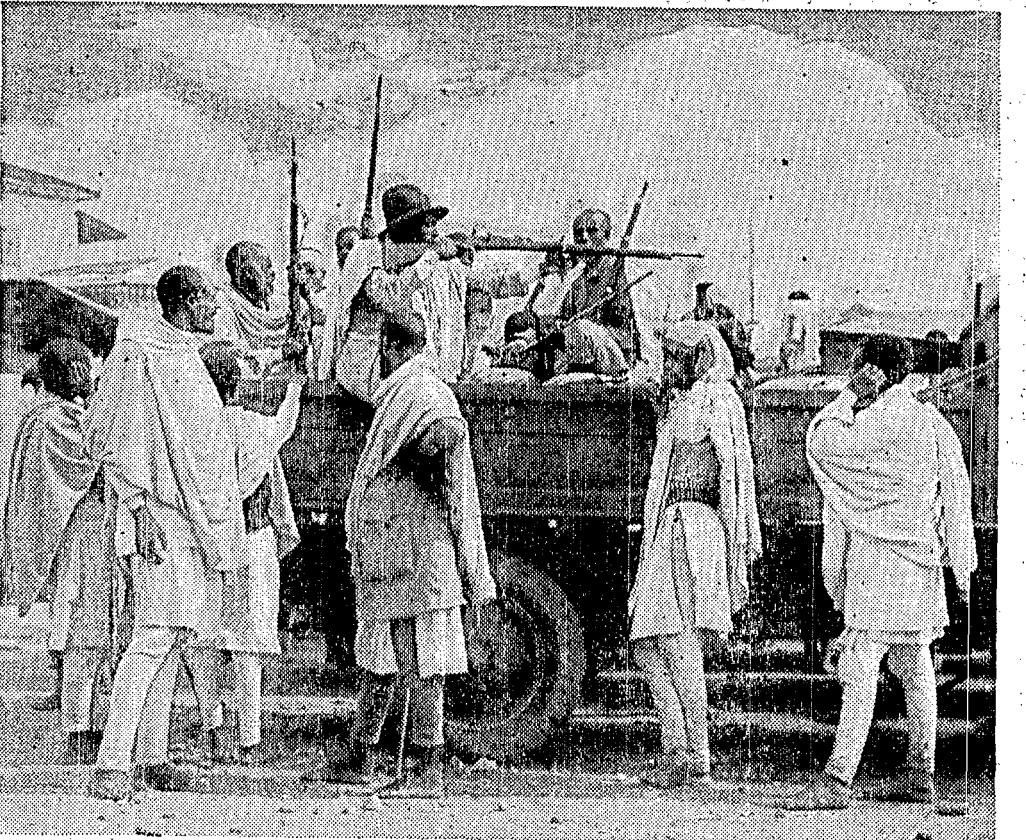
Abyssinians For the Front



A lorry full of soldiers on a road in Ogaden



Abyssinian troops carrying goods across a river at Jiliga after their lorry had become stuck in the mud



Warriors at Harar interested in their newly issued rifles just before leaving for the front

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

The Right Child in the Right Place

The Board of Education is properly concerned to see that children on leaving school are not set to do unsuitable or unpromising work.

It is one of the greatest of social and industrial problems, and the Board has issued a circular to education authorities suggesting that the medical officers should examine children as to their suitability for certain occupations.

When a warning as to a child's unsuitability for any particular occupation appears necessary the fact could be indicated on a card attached to the child's inspection schedule, and when the child leaves school the card would be detached by the head teacher and sent to the employment committee for their guidance.

So we gradually move forward to a time when every child comes to be considered for what it really is, a budding citizen whose health and welfare are precious to the nation.

A YEAR OF LABRADOR

Everybody knows of the fine medical and social work Sir Wilfred Grenfell is doing in Newfoundland and Labrador.

But not everyone knows of the Grenfell calendars, which are sold to help to give Sir Wilfred as well as the recipients a happy new year, for the profit goes to his work.

Next year's Grenfell calendar, called *The Romance of Labrador*, has a photograph of some part of lovely Labrador for each week of the year, with quotations from Sir Wilfred's writings and space for notes of engagements. It costs 4s including postage from the Grenfell Association, 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

KEEPING FOOD

The Food Investigation Board report that iodised paper wrappings successfully preserve many sorts of fruit and do not affect the flavour.

Plain paper wrappings suit grapes, oranges, and tomatoes better. All these wrappings are now being tested under commercial conditions, and the public health regulations will require revision according to the results.

Chilled beef keeps perfectly for 60 to 70 days if the air is enriched with carbon-dioxide. Last year 4400 tons arrived from New Zealand and Australia in this gas-storage. During the year the 12 gas stores in Britain increased to 40, providing storage for 400,000 apples.

LADDERS AS HIGH AS SNOWDON

There are ladders in Belgium one thousand metres long. They are in the coalmines, and are for use in case of accident for the men to reach the surface.

A thousand metres is over three times the height of the Eiffel Tower, or about the height of Snowdon. The idea of climbing Snowdon by a vertical ladder takes one's breath away, and we are not surprised that the question has been raised of providing shorter ladders with resting-places at frequent intervals.

45,000 COTTON BOOKS

No fewer than 45,000 books on the subject of cotton have been collected in a library at Tashkent in Turkestan, where a great development of the industry has taken place in recent years. Anything printed about cotton in any country is immediately added to the library.

POCKET GRAMOPHONE

Two Polish mechanics have made a gramophone so tiny that it can be carried in the pocket. They claim that it is the smallest in the world.

POSTS AND CHAINS

Safety Guards For Walkers

We are glad the Ministry of Transport observes the unhappy truth that road casualties are again on the increase and threaten to make new records.

Mr Horc-Belisha is about to make extensive tests of the post-and-chain system in our towns, the idea being to fence off the pavement from the roadway with bold posts and chains on both sides of the street, leaving gaps only at the appointed pedestrian crossings, which will, of course, retain their studs and orange beacons.

Preliminary experiments seem to have been encouraging, and the system is to be tried in such places as Trafalgar Square, Oxford Circus, and Whitechapel.

In America, if one ventures to cross big thoroughfares in the centres of some cities, save at appointed places, one is seized by a policeman and threatened with proceedings.

THE SANDWICHMAN

From a Correspondent

Surely there is no greater degradation of the human body than to make it a walking advertisement.

We recently saw, in a bright town near London, a poor helpless man carrying with difficulty a great structure bearing advertisements of a tailoring firm. He could hardly carry the thing.

The contrast between the poor fellow's rags and the invitation to *dress well* that he was carrying was an ironical comment on society.

This sandwichman, were he a horse, would be put out to grass by benevolent souls. Being a man he may be overworked in body and degraded in spirit.

WASHING WITHOUT SOAP

A change is occurring in the American soap industry, which is introducing "soapless soap."

Everyone knows that when soap is used with hard water there is great waste of soap and the formation of "curds" which cling to fabrics and spoil them. Hence the increasing use of water softeners.

The "soapless soap" is made of sulphated alcohol derived from fatty acids. It is much used in the American textile industries and in laundries. It lathers freely in hard water and cleans much better than soap. A very little of it goes a very long way.

THE VILLAGE HALL

Villages of less than 4000 people may now borrow half the money needed to build clubrooms or halls.

The National Council of Social Service, with the help of the Carnegie Trust, is prepared to lend up to £250 free of interest to help in the building or improvement of community centres. The other half of the money must be raised before the loan is made, and the plans must be approved by the Council. The Secretary (26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1) will send full details of the scheme to anyone.

ROUND MANHATTAN

New York, like other great cities all over the world, is now building a ring-road to divide her traffic.

It will be a great boulevard 25 miles long, and will add beauty as well as usefulness to the city's roads.

The first section, now being constructed, is along the eastern waterfront of Manhattan, and will be an attractive riverside drive. Eventually it will encircle Manhattan Island, 12 miles long.

To any Litter Lout

The Street is Not Your Dustbin

DRY ICE

A Big U.S. Trade

Water ice is being driven out of use in many American industries by what is called dry ice, the name given to frozen carbon-dioxide.

Not only in refrigerating cabinets, but in railway wagons and motor-trucks used in transporting food dry ice is found superior.

It does not melt into a liquid, but into a gas, and carbon-dioxide gas is itself a preservative. Dry ice takes up less space, and it is light. Also it is very much colder, and therefore does its work much better.

THE CHINESE AND THE MOVIES

A cinematograph engineer just returned from China has been astonished to find how many pictures are being made in Chinese studios.

Labour is so cheap in that country that the cost of workmen, electricians, photographers, and even the artists themselves, is very low compared with a Western country. Very few firms bother to take out patents in China, and the result is that the Chinese have been able to copy all the finest cameras and sound-recording apparatus without paying any royalties.

Many films are taken out of doors, and here the Chinese people score, for time has so little meaning to them. If it rains for a few days they wait calmly until the weather clears.

THE KING'S SON

In a new book of War Letters of General Monash the writer of the letters repeats the story told him by Lady Robertson against her husband, the famous Field-Marshal.

Sir William was inspecting the Eton cadets, and, seeing one lad with a Coronation ribbon, he said to him: "Well, my lad, and where did you get that ribbon? Were you a page of honour?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Then why are you wearing it?"

"Please, sir, I'm—I'm only the King's son."

The King's son was Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

THE WHITE RHINOCEROS

If nobody wants a white elephant, it is otherwise with a white rhinoceros.

So scarce have these creatures become that it is believed there are only 200 living.

One escaped not long ago from the Umfolosi Reserve in Natal, and unfortunately it was shot by some Africans who did not realise its value.

After some difficulty the skin, head, and feet were recovered, and taxidermists have managed, by making an artificial skeleton, to reconstruct a precious museum specimen of a white rhinoceros.

THE CHILD OF A SLAVE

The world is a better place today than when Cataline Dhlamini was young.

This old African lady, who has passed on at Harrismith, South Africa, must have seen many good changes, for she lived 105 years. She was the child of slaves, and her parents were sold to a farmer near Bloemfontein. Luckily for her they escaped, and she became nurse-maid to some white children and enjoyed life in the happy surroundings of a British home.

SWORD AND PLOUGHSHARE

Mexico is converting surplus war material into 10,000 ploughs.

This has a double object. It is to provide work in a munition factory and to help the national agricultural development plan. There is a Six-Year Plan for agriculture, and the farmers are to get the new ploughs at a very low price.

DYING FROM IGNORANCE

The Facts About the War on Consumption

The war on tuberculosis is fought with increasing success, but everybody ought to know how important it is to obtain early treatment.

Tens of thousands of lives are still lost annually through neglect. It seems that 86 are cured out of every 100 who obtain treatment in the early stages. If treatment is deferred, and only begins in the advanced stage, hardly more than half the cases are successfully dealt with.

So many are the cases of neglect that 10 per cent of those who recently died of consumption had never notified their condition.

In such matters ignorance is the greatest enemy, and the facts we have stated should be made known to all our people.

A WORD FOR THE BANTU RACE

By General Smuts

General Smuts has a high opinion of the black people of South Africa. This is from a speech he made at Umtata.

I believe that the proposed General Council of men of the Bantu race will mean a far-reaching step and a great advance.

One cannot help being impressed by their quiet law-abiding conduct and by their great contributions to the development of the country. People who regard the black people as a menace to white civilisation are ignorant and short-sighted.

SHOULD EVERY BOOK BE DATED?

A serious plea is made for the dating of all books, especially of those dealing with serious subjects.

This is no slight matter, and its importance grows with the years. Events move ever more swiftly, and what is said or written in 1935 may be misleading in 1936, not because of inaccuracy, but because things have rapidly changed.

A word may usefully be added on indexing. Too many books are still issued without indexes, so that they are robbed of much of their value.

A FRIENDLY LINK

The C.N. correspondent in the far distant Seychelles Islands reports that he has just received a letter from a minister of the United Church of Canada who lives in Fort Fraser, British Columbia, and saw our correspondent's name in the C.N. some time ago.

As he wishes for stamps of any country for his young people he asked for a few, which our correspondent naturally sent on. The minister goes on to say in his letter that the C.N. is read and enjoyed at his young people's meetings.

The world is not so big after all, and on the C.N. the Sun never sets.

HOW EDISON DID IT

There is a delightful story about a mathematician in a new book on Edison by William Adams Simonds just published by Allen & Unwin.

Sheets of foolscap covered in rows of figures had failed to tell the cubical content of a bulb. To the worried expert came Edison with the offer, "Let me show you how to do it."

He poured water into the bulb, and then said, "Now measure the water and you'll have the answer."

THE ROAD LESSON

Cape Town children are now being given traffic instruction by the Traffic Control Department.

Men in uniform visit the schools and give lectures, taking with them a working model showing roads, cars, and pedestrians.

MOTHS & CANNIBALS

A BRAVE WOMAN'S ADVENTURES

Her Tramp Through Papua With a Butterfly Net

CHIEF WHO HAD NEVER SEEN A WHITE MAN

Nearly every boy, and many a girl, has shared the enthusiasm which sent Miss Evelyn Cheesman to Papua.

Every house can remember the day when there were butterfly nets in the hall, bottles filled with leafage and caterpillars in the bathroom, specimen boxes in every drawer, and queer smells all over the house. Entomology is seldom encouraged at home, but Miss Cheesman was luckier than most of us. She was actually asked to go to New Guinea to collect specimens for the British Museum.

Like Men of the Stone Age

The story of that expedition is told in her book *The Two Roads of Papua*.

Although it does not seem to have occurred to her, she was a brave woman. In a matter-of-fact way she tells how she set off through the forests with only her native carriers, naked savages who live and think like men of the Stone Age. This was her first visit to Papua.

On one occasion a landslide suddenly descended in her path. Most of the time she was tramping through horrible mud. Boiling rivers had to be crossed on the slippery trunks of fallen trees, sometimes 20 feet above the waters.

Once the party had to tramp through six miles of leech territory. Looking ahead she could see a general movement as all the lithe bodies swayed toward the carrier's feet. Leeches were on the leaves, twigs, boughs, and low herbage, on the fallen tree trunks—everywhere.

Still, the scenery was glorious, and Miss Cheesman was collecting scores of interesting specimens.

Gopa's Story

One day she met another "collector," a solitary white man, Mr Jack Hides, the patrol officer of the district, with 13 prisoners in chains.

One was a well-grown man with an ape-like face named Gopa. "Isn't he a lovely chap?" asked the officer, smiling on his "specimen."

Lovely hardly seemed the word to Miss Cheesman. This was Gopa's story. He was a chief, and he had never seen a white man. One day he led his people against three other villages, took many prisoners, and ate them.

The news reached Mr Hides, who set off through the jungle with a party of native police. Days went by. At last they reached Gopa's village, and hid near it till nightfall. Then they stealthily crept to the stockade, loosened and pulled up the stakes, and entered the village. Some of the police proved cowards, but Mr Hides and a loyal handful surrounded the hut of the chief, in spite of arrows shot from every crevice and spears thrust savagely forth.

A Great Hunt

At length Mr Hides forced his way in and found only one man! After a great hunt the others were found buried under the floor, beneath a mound of ashes. All were marched away to Port Moresby, there to learn for the first time that it is wrong to raid and to eat men. Then Gopa was sent back to tell this strange news to his tribesmen.

No one can read this story without admiring the lady who tramped through Papua with a butterfly net. But her own admiration is all for the missionaries who nurse and teach in Papua.

The *Two Roads of Papua* leaves the reader filled with admiration for the brave white folk who dispense justice and mercy in New Guinea.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If It Is Next Week

Oct. 20. Sir Christopher Wren born . . . 1632
21. Death of Nelson at Trafalgar . . . 1805
22. Revocation of the Edict of Nantes . . . 1685
23. Battle of Edgehill . . . 1642
24. Tycho Brahe, Danish astronomer, died . . . 1601
25. Chaucer, Father of English Poetry, died . . . 1400
26. Robert McClure found N-W Passage . . . 1850

The Man Who Built St Paul's

No English architect has such fame as Sir Christopher Wren, of whom it is said on his tomb in the noble cathedral of St Paul's, which he built, "If you seek his monument, look around." It was the Great Fire of London, in 1666, that cleared the ground for the



Old Christopher Wren gazes on his masterpiece

building of the new St Paul's and for fifty other City churches which Wren planned. He wished to lay out the whole City, but only a few of his proposals were used.

Sir Christopher was known as a distinguished man of science before he became an architect. He was professor of astronomy at Oxford, where he

had been educated, and took up architecture in order to repair college buildings.

When the upper part of St. Paul's was being built Wren was an old man over 70, and in order to see how the workmen were getting on he used to have himself drawn up from the floor in a basket.

THE BEST OF ENGLAND

By One of Our Best Photographers

For those who would see the finest countryside in the world our advice is to see England. For those who cannot go themselves our advice is to let Mr Dixon-Scott go for them.

He is the photographer incomparable; we do not know anyone whose pictures are more consistently satisfying than his.

Now he has given us a charming book of 40 photographs, *Miss Rose Macaulay* has introduced them with a little talk on the countryside, Mr F. J. Ward (3 Baker Street) has published them at 3s 6d, and the result is a charmingly bound collection of country views that are as good as some holidays, and better than some.

We feel ourselves running once more over Salisbury Plain, or sauntering through Savernake, or looking out across Studland Bay, or riding on Dartmoor, or picnicking in Wye Valley, or wishing we lived on the Norfolk Broads.

In truth it is a goodly heritage, and proud we are that it is our very own country Mr Dixon-Scott has given us, 40 pictures of the best of it for a penny apiece, with twopence extra for the best of them.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

In his broadcast talk on Transport on Tuesday Commander King-Hall tells us how soon air transport will play a big part in conveying people and goods about the countryside.

Lord Meston talks on that strange piece of the world known as the Ganges Delta, which year by year pushes itself farther into the Bay of Bengal, where two great rivers laden with silt and mud creep sluggishly over the flat lands toward the sea, leaving huge mud-banks as they go.

Mr Mais is to begin a new series of talks on Kent and Sussex.

Galileo on Thursday afternoon is a particularly interesting dramatic interlude. The scene is Rome in 1633. A

Scottish scientist is speaking to an Italian astronomer outside the convent where Galileo is being tried by the Inquisition, and the interlude shows tragically how truth and science are impeded by prejudice and superstition.

England and Wales

From the National Transmitter

MONDAY, 2.5. B. A. Keen on enriching soil by decayed leaves and roots.

2.30. Music: by Ernest Read.

TUESDAY, 11.30. Rail, road, and air: by Stephen King-Hall.

2.5. Knowing the Dog: by Richard Morse.

2.30. Newspapers: by S. P. B. Mais.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5. Rhoda Power on 7th-century life in an English village.

2.30. The Flowering Plant: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30. Ganges Delta Lands and Calcutta: by Lord Meston.

2.5. S. P. B. Mais on Discovering England: South-east Coast.

2.30. Dramatic interlude on Galileo.

FRIDAY, 2.5. The Black Forest: by Vincent Alford.

2.30. Music: by Thomas Armstrong.

3.35. Working in Compressed and Rarefied Air: by Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

Scotland

Scottish Regional and Aberdeen

MONDAY, 2.5. Lakes and Forests of Canada.

TUESDAY, 2.5. Narrative Composition: by J. L. Hardie.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5. A play by John Brandane.

2.30. Same as National.

THURSDAY, 2.5. Grass Eaters: by Sir Robert Greig.

2.30. As National.

FRIDAY, 3.10. Ladybirds and Greenflies.

3.35. As National.

THE BIRTHRIGHT STOLEN BY THE WAR

We provided a capital sum of £9000,000,000 to finance the Great War, an expenditure which brought only devastation in its train.

Is it too much to ask the nation to raise a prosperity loan of only a tenth of this sum with which to restore our national well-being and give back to our needy citizens the birthright the war stole from them?

Angus Watson, Chairman of Congregational Union

FARMYARD OF 30 MILLION ACRES

ITS POPULATION

Counting the Heads of Our Livestock

MORE FOWLS THAN PEOPLE

The Ministry of Agriculture has had its annual counting of heads among our livestock, and presents an imposing array of figures.

The agricultural land of England and Wales extends over rather more than 30 million acres, of which over five million acres are rough grazing land. It would be inaccurate to suggest that this area supports our livestock, for much land is devoted to growing food for our animals, which depend on cultivated crops in addition to supplies from overseas.

With our combined resources we maintain at the present time 873,000 horses, over six million cattle, over 16 million sheep, nearly four million pigs, 58 million fowls, and 687,000 turkeys. We have far more fowls than people!

Man and Nature

For centuries sheep carried England on their backs, as we may say, clothing our people and bringing in our principal revenue from wool exported to the Continent; and they are still leaders, in point of numbers, of our animal family. Our stock of pigs increases as the number of horses declines.

During the year no fewer than 26,000 horses were retired from action, more than 10,000 being withdrawn from service on the land, their last refuge against the tractor.

All these census returns are impressive, for they represent an immense mastery by Man over Nature. It is not by natural laws that we have these herds, flocks, and companies of domestic birds; the art of man maintains them in plenty throughout the winter, when Nature would starve the bulk of them to death.

Nature's plan is to banish to another clime all the birds that can migrate, maintaining an uncertain table for such as are driven out of certain lands with winters more bitter than our own, permitting them to share, or die, with those of our own birds that cannot migrate.

Vast multitudes of our wild animals she throws into a trance of hibernation lasting six months; insects for the most part she bids die at the end of autumn, leaving their posterity dormant, either in the egg or in the sleeping chrysalis.

Survival of the Fittest

As to the greater animals, the sheep, pigs, and cattle, only the fittest few would survive the cold and hungry days if left to Nature. Until a few centuries ago our ancestors submitted to her decree in the matter. There was no winter food for the majority of the animals, so in November all but a minimum, preserved to maintain the stock, were killed, cut up, and put into tubs of salt.

Except pigeons and wild game, our forefathers tasted no fresh meat for half the year, and the foulness of their food was responsible for many of the epidemics which periodically swept the country.

It was the coming of turnips and mangold-wurzels as field crops in the late 17th century that first provided abundant food for stock when pastures were exhausted for the year, so enabling farmers to keep their herds and flocks alive through the winter.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	151 hrs.	Chester	4.64 ins.
Rainfall	2.55 ins.	Southampton	4.33 ins.
Wet days	20	Aberdeen	4.25 ins.
Dry days	10	Birmingham	3.77 ins.
Wettest day	29th	Falmouth	3.66 ins.
Sunniest day	6th	Tynemouth	3.50 ins.

WAR ON JACK FROST

A Farmer and His Orchard

In the spring of last year we told how a Bedford man protected his apple trees from frost with oil stoves. When the temperature fell below a certain point a bell would ring and he would light the stoves.

At a recent conference Mr Harrington, who designed the stoves, reported the results of further experiments. He divided his orchard into three parts, leaving one unheated and giving the others 20 and 50 stoves to the acre.

Frost nipped the trees of the unheated patch and the crop was lost; only a few apples were yielded on the second area; but the 50-stove plot produced so much fruit that it had to be thinned!

The stoves, which burn crude oil, are not expensive, and Mr Harrington only found it necessary to light them a few times each season.

NEW ZEALAND'S APPLES

Keeping the Doctor Away

New Zealand has for several years shipped more than a million cases of apples every year to other countries, and three out of every four apples shipped from New Zealand find their way to us.

However, some of the apples are sent to Germany, Holland, France, and Sweden in Europe, and some to the South American States of Uruguay, Brazil, and Argentina. A few New Zealand apples go to customers in Canada, while the Pacific islands of Hawaii, Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa also provide markets. Next to Great Britain Uruguay is New Zealand's best apple customer.

Apples ripen in New Zealand while the orchards of the northern hemisphere are in the grip of winter, so that they are welcomed by folk who want to "keep the doctor away" at a season of the year when the supplies of home-grown apples have become exhausted.

EARTH'S ONLY CHILD OR

HER ONLY SISTER?

Is the Moon the daughter or the sister of the Earth?

We have always thought of the Moon as Earth's only child, and it has been pathetic to think that the only child died. Now Dr Harold Jeffreys, a famous Cambridge University mathematician, has written a book (Earthquakes and Mountains) in which he questions the theory and makes the Moon the sister of the Earth.

Accepting the belief that some passing star, approaching unduly near the Sun, drew out a vast mass from which the Earth and the rest of the planets were formed, he maintains that the Moon was part of the mass so removed. It all happened at one and the same time, he says, so that the Earth and the Moon would be both children of the Sun.

Another suggestion made by Dr Jeffreys is against the dismal theory that the continents are adrift, slowly approaching each other, by means of surface matter sliding over matter below which is not yet solidified. No, he says; the continents are anchored by their mountains, if by no other agency. Great mountains, he points out, are like icebergs, having submerged bases greater than the mass exposed to the eye.

ITS WORK IS DONE

A Historic Engine

Forty-four years ago at the Great Eastern works they built a locomotive in under ten hours, just to show how quickly they could do a first-class engineering job. The feat was a record.

This engine has just been broken up at Stratford, not because she was worn out, but because she had become obsolete. She had covered 1,127,750 miles. Locomotives are like ships; they possess individuality. Sometimes one wonders if that is true of every engineering job.

HEROIC TRAVELLER

OF THE ALPS

Many readers will remember the story of the dog which saved the life of an injured man high up in the mountains by lying on his body all night. Now the same dog is a regimental postman.

The regiment has an outlying post at the Fort de la Turra, and every day the dog sets out with a little leather bag on his back from the depot in the valley, following the rocky paths leading up to the fort in the mountain. So long as the dog is carrying the postbag he permits no one to approach him.

Since his wonderful feat of a year ago he has been presented with a medal in the presence of the entire regiment.

We may wonder what the dog thinks of the medal, but we can understand the pride of the regiment in the dog.

PALESTINE'S NEW FOREST

The Jews of England are celebrating the Jubilee by planting the King George Jubilee Forest in Palestine. The King has shown his approval by giving a tree from Windsor Park.

Palestine is the land of the almond and locust tree, cypress and olive, terebinth and tamarisk, and the sycamore of the Bible (a kind of fig). It has lost many of its woods by cutting and neglect, so that rain has washed away soil from the slopes, leaving them rocky and barren. Now this new forest is to rise in the rough hill country south-west of Nazareth, a gift that everyone in the land will welcome.

A special corner of the forest is being kept for trees given by children, and the Green Cross Society (47 Victoria Street, SW1) thinks C N boys and girls might like to help. If they send 6s to that address a tree will be planted in their name. Each giver will receive a certificate, and the name will appear in a volume given to the King.

HAVE YOU A COLD?

All About It

Already the National Cold is upon us in time for the fall of the year.

We may call it the national cold because it is the same cold for everyone, though the sufferers from it may catch it in different degrees.

The first autumnal colds are not very severe or dangerous, a simple though unpleasant catarrh lasting a few days. Later, when the weather grows colder and damper, the colds will increase in number and unpleasantness. There are reasons for this.

Last spring the colds began to disappear because nearly everyone who could possibly take cold had done so, and it is the one redeeming feature of a cold that after it has run its course it leaves the sufferer with a partial natural protection, or immunity, against further infection.

How To Lessen Risk

This immunity does not last very long, but it may continue long enough to tide us over the period when colds are about. If we never met a cold or a person with one we should never catch it. If we never went within 12 feet of a cold we should never acquire it. But that is a practical impossibility in these days of tube trains, buses, and cinemas.

Something can be done to lessen the risk. The headmistress of a school in London recently said that there had been only one epidemic among her pupils in 27 years, and she attributed this immunity to forbidding the children to cough in school. There is no surer way of spreading the infection of a cold than by coughing or sneezing, and so distributing the germ that causes the affliction.

This germ is almost as hard to pin down as it is to escape from. When a cold is in full working order there are at least five microbes which make their appearance. The commonest is one which we may shortly call Catarrhalis. It does the spade work and seems to prepare the ground for the others.

Three Answers.

But this microbe and the other four, pneumococci and staphylococci, are often in the mouth or throat without doing harm to their host. What is it that makes them suddenly dangerous? There are three answers. One is that at the time of approaching winter, when few of us have any natural immunity against colds, the membranes of the throat and nose, where the enemies hide, become soggy and slightly inflamed and so do not favour the presence of the body's natural protectors, the Phagocytes. These diminish in power as the enemies increase.

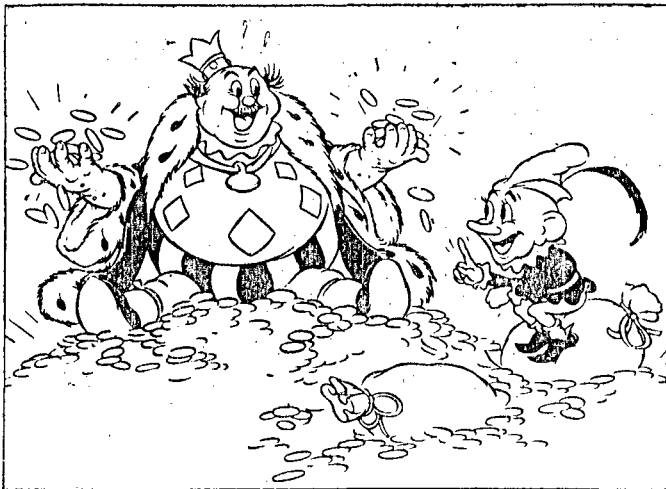
The second answer is that microbes which for a long time have remained harmless may suddenly become poisonous; and the third answer is that the something which turns these passive germs into active enemies is one of our invisible enemies, to which the name has been given of a virus, a living poison.

Hope For the Future

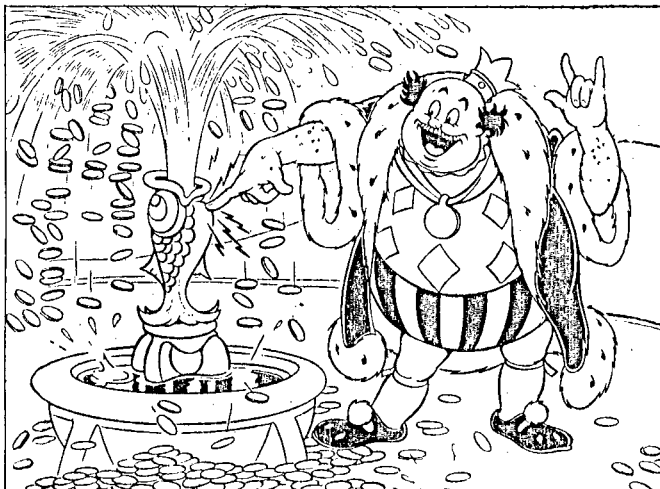
It can never be seen; it is known only by its disastrous effects. It can never be made to grow or breed except in company with the host it preys on. It is suspected that its association with other germs is the cause of their ill-doing. Evil communications corrupt not only good manners but good health.

Yet there is some hope for the future. Sir Patrick Laidlaw of the Medical Research Council, who identified the virus which produces the influenza of dogs, has found and put aside the virus producing human influenza, which is akin to the virus of the national cold. He found a way of protecting the dog so that now any dog can be insured against the distemper which is a dog's influenza, and he is on the way to find a method of employing the virus of human influenza in such a way as to afford us protection against the national cold, though it may only be for a short time.

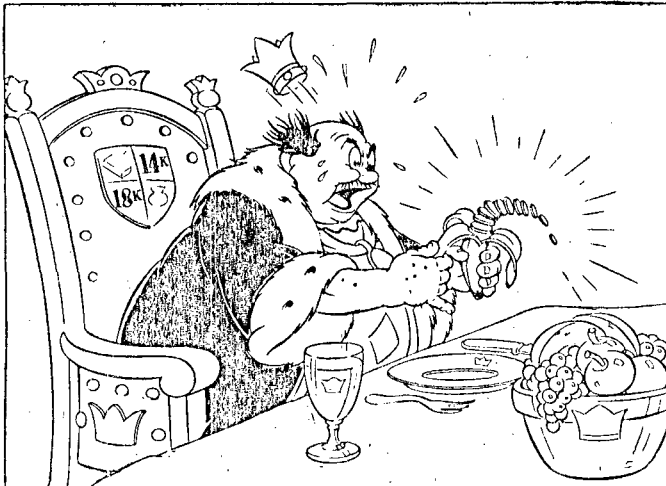
This Week's Silly Symphony: The Golden Touch, by Walt Disney



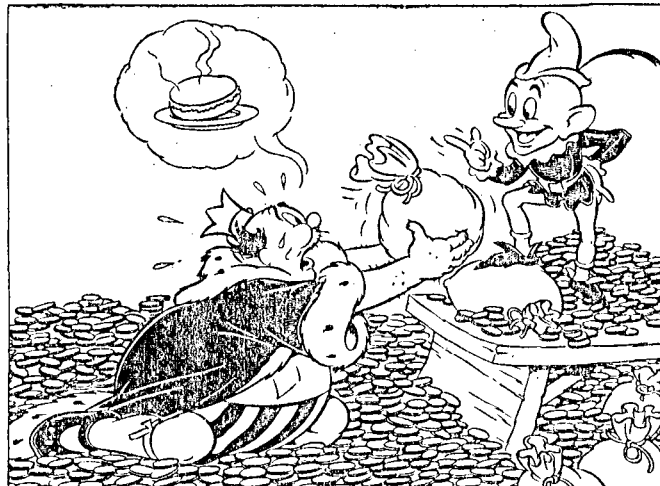
King Midas offers Goldie the Gnome all he possesses for the magic powers of the Golden Touch.



Midas, greatly excited, tries out his new powers. Everything he touches turns to gold.



Feeling hungry, Midas sits down to a meal; but he finds that gold is most unappetising.



Midas appeals to Goldie to take everything, including the Golden Touch, in exchange for a meal.

URANUS AT HIS NEAREST

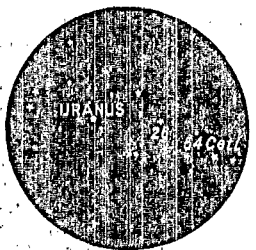
A World Coming Nearer Every Year
POSSIBLE DISCOVERIES

By the C.N. Astronomer

The presence of the crescent Moon near to Venus in the early morning sky of Wednesday, October 23, will, if the weather is fine, provide a charming spectacle, the Moon appearing only a little way to the left of and below the brilliant Venus.

In the evening sky Uranus is becoming much better placed for observation; rising about 5.30 he may be easily found in the south-east with the aid of the star-maps which appeared in the C.N. of September 1 and August 17, together with the accompanying one.

Being of sixth magnitude the planet is easily perceptible to good sight on a clear dark night when approaching due south and his highest point above the horizon. This will be towards midnight.



The present position of Uranus as seen through glasses

Uranus is, however, best observed with optical aid, even with opera-glasses; then he will be seen to have moved considerably from the two small stars with which he formed a triangle only seven weeks ago to the position shown in the accompanying star-map.

Uranus is now approaching his nearest point to the Earth for this year; this will be on October 27, when he will be about 1749,500,000 miles away. Being the most distant world that it is possible to see with the naked eye Uranus has a unique interest. Moreover, each year this mysterious planet becomes slightly brighter. This is because Uranus now approaches nearer to us by about four million miles each year.

Ten years ago Uranus was 24,000,000 miles farther away when at his nearest to us, that is about 1773,500,000 miles off instead of about 1749,500,000 miles as at present. He was actually at his farthest 15 years ago. This gradual approach of Uranus will continue until he comes to within a distance of about 1605,000,000 miles, that is some 144,000,000 miles nearer than at present. This will be reached about thirty years hence, when, having reached the perihelion point of his orbit, the approach of the planet will cease.

Very Long Years

It is fortunate that his approach will not continue indefinitely, for, notwithstanding its advantages in satisfying our curiosity, if he came too near to Saturn, for instance, this would affect very seriously the stability of our little Earth and, in fact, that of the whole Solar System. Even as it is by 30 years time Uranus will pull Saturn forward and then backward appreciably more than he does now.

Another important advantage for us in Britain during coming years will be that Uranus will appear higher in the heavens and gradually come nearer to overhead; so, being then between fifth and sixth magnitude, he will be quite easy to see. Moreover, since he will appear both larger and brighter telescopically than for many years, some important discoveries are expected. One of these discoveries is likely to be that Uranus has more moons than four.

In 1949 Uranus will be back in the same position in Gemini where Sir William Herschel discovered him on March 13, 1781. By then he will have performed two circuits of his orbit and completed two of his years. What a time to wait for a birthday! G. F. M.

THE BRAIN'S ACTIVE PARTNER

Hidden Master Gland
LIKE A POO BAH OF THE HUMAN BODY

One of the most interesting scientific addresses given this summer was that in which Professor P. T. Herring, speaking of a small part of the human body at the base of the brain, seemed to trace a connection between mind and body.

This small bit of flesh and blood is the pituitary gland, one of several glands whose activities have been the study of the 20th century. They have been called ductless glands, because at the beginning of the study of them they seemed to lead nowhere; but it has been found that from them substances flow into the bloodstream which are of the highest importance, and without which the body would perish.

Mind and Body

The best known of these, the thyroid gland, furnishes substances without which a human being might relapse into something approaching an idiot. The adrenal glands have an effect on the flow of blood to and from the heart, and the mind seems to call them into action to stimulate the body to sudden activity. Other glands take an indispensable part in feeding the body's cells and in splitting up its food.

Each gland has its particular work to do, but shares a common task with the others. In Professor Herring's description of the pituitary gland it appears to be the master of them all. It is the director which governs their working, telling them what to do, when to stop, and when to go on. It is the nearest approach to the governing mind of the body that can be imagined. It is especially well situated for the purpose, because it is so close to the brain as to be practically part of it.

Brain and Muscles

The brain could not work without its assistance, and it is probably the brain's active partner. It is close by the mind's telephone exchange, where messages are exchanged between the brain and the muscles and through which sensations of pain and heat and cold are received.

It has so much to do that it might be called the Poo Bah of the human organism. It regulates the body's growth and shares in the continuance of the race.

No single part of the body seems more fit to be dignified with the name of the body's mind, yet we shall continue to think that our power to think is not situated there, but is something beyond flesh and blood and glands. The physiologists have not yet found the wondrous secret of mind and consciousness and soul.

A PIG'S £6000 DINNER

There were grave faces at a hospital at Sioux Falls in South Dakota not long ago, for a phial of radium had been thrown away by mistake.

After a fruitless search two scientists from Minnesota University were asked to help. They made a radium detector with a gold leaf and then started a modern game of Hunt the Thimble.

Five hundred pigs were wandering about in the grounds, and there was a chance that the radium had been eaten by one of them. At first, near the rubbish heaps, there was no response, but as the searchers moved among the pigs the detector registered radium somewhere near, and immediately the pigs moved away it returned to normal.

After an hour they were hot on the track; it was found that a pig had eaten a meal worth £6000

my word - they're
GOOD

... when you feel dry as the calculus!



Here's a lesson that school-masters themselves — like all the world's workers — should learn. Let us put it this way: one Rowntree's Fruit Pastille into one dry throat goes once — and leaves no dry throat. And the logic of the thing is this: Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles really taste of real fruit. Why, these flavours would satisfy a professor of botany — and refresh the throat of a ten mile runner!

GOOD
because they're
ROWNTREE'S
FRUIT FLAVOURS

CLEAR GUMS
(Hard)

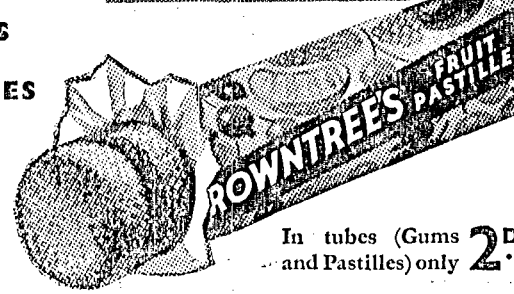
JUICY-FRUIT
(Soft)

FRUIT PASTILLES
(Medium)

Sold loose and in packets, 6d. per 1 lb

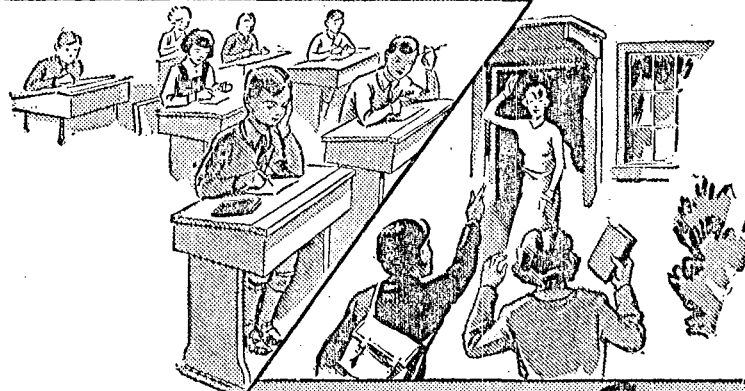
Assorted Sampling Packets 3d. and 6d. containing all three consistencies in a wide variety of real-fruit flavours.

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In tubes (Gums and Pastilles) only **2D**

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THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

PEARL RIVER PIRATE

Serial Story
By John Halden

CHAPTER 9

The King's Treasures

JAMES stared incredulously at his brother. "Drug these sweets!" he gasped. "But why on earth should he do such a thing on open ship board. If anything happened to us he'd be caught."

"The drug may not be deadly," said Christopher, eyeing the tray of delicacies grimly; "but suppose we were just taken mysteriously ill. That happens to plenty of Europeans out here, where there are so many queer germs to be picked up. They'd have us carried ashore at Phnom Penh to hospital, where we'd be kept for observation. He'd be rid of us for a few days, which is perhaps all he wants."

"Well, I don't see it at all," confessed James. "You think he may be the mysterious pirate you had a glimpse of on the Pearl River. Then what is he doing here?"

"That's precisely what we want to find out, and he's determined we shall not. He's puzzled; he doesn't know why we should be on his trail, but he's convinced that we are. The very fact that he is so anxious to get rid of us proves he is up to some mischief."

Christopher was tying up samples of the sweets in his handkerchief.

"We'll go to the hospital in Phnom Penh and have these analysed for drugs," he said. "I don't like that fellow's looks at all. I think there's big game afoot if he is willing to take such chances on getting rid of us. We'll stick to him like bulldogs till we find out what the game is."

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, although the boys sensed that they were under observation from the little window of cabin six. For their part, though determined to miss nothing, the boys saw only a closed door all day long except when the Siamese steward slipped dexterously in or out with trays of food. Finally they went to bed, for they meant to spend an interesting time in the Cambodian capital next day.

Long after midnight Christopher, who could not sleep for trying to puzzle out the mystery in which they were involved, heard a low, cautious knock on the door of cabin six. He rolled off his bunk and opened his door a crack. There stood the little steward with a turbaned Hindoo. In a moment they were admitted, and soon after the steward came out alone.

"Now what's up, I wonder," muttered Christopher, and tapped a message in Morse to his brother in the next cabin. A moment later Jim slipped noiselessly round the edge of his door.

"Our friend's got a visitor," Chris announced in a whisper.

"Who?"

"I don't know. It's too dark to see much on deck, but it was a tall Hindoo in a white turban."

Jim glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch. "It's two o'clock," he remarked. "Queer time for visitors."

The boys sat for nearly an hour in the darkness of Christopher's cabin before they heard the cautious creaking of the cabin next door. Through a crack in their own door they saw the glimmer of a white turban move down the deck.

"Well, there he has gone again," remarked James sleepily, "and we're no wiser than we were."

The noise of docking at Phnom Penh woke the boys early next morning. Fearing to miss seeing their suspect, they ran in their pyjamas to the rail and looked down on the forward deck, where the deck passengers were preparing to disembark. There were about fifty Hindoos scattered among the Malays, Lascars, Filipinos, Tonkinese, Siamese, Indo-Chinese, and others in the motley crowd, and even Chris could not pick out anyone who looked familiar. They turned back disappointed, noting that the door to cabin six was tightly closed as usual.

"Of course we run a risk of losing him here, anyhow," remarked Jim. "It's a wild-goose chase, if you ask me."

"Yes, as we have to change here for our boat up the Tonlé Sap we can't watch him any longer—unless he's taking it too. And I don't know any way of finding that out."

"I imagine we've lost him," said Jim comfortably. "Now we can go sight-seeing with free minds. And honestly, Chris, I think it's been a mad idea from the beginning. We've nothing to go on but a glimpse you thought you had of a white pirate in the Pearl River—which I admit is strange, if true—and since then nothing but hunches."

"The attempts he made to do me in at Saigon weren't hunches," said Chris stubbornly; "and if we find out that the sweets he sent us were drugged it's further proof he's a wrong un."

A few hours later they strolled down the shady streets of Phnom Penh on their way to the royal residence, hoping they might have had the luck to come on a day when the royal Cambodian dancers were giving a show. The sound of beating tom-toms, flutes, and strings gave them hope, but they were denied admittance to see it. It was a special performance given for the King of Cambodia by his troupe, which was about to break up for the season.

"We'll have a look at the sacred sword and the royal treasures, anyhow," said Jim. "I wonder which of these buildings they are in."

The king's palace consists of a group of glistening white buildings, with gilded spires at their summits and carved snakes on the gables. Huge seven-headed serpents serve as balustrades for bridges and terrace edges.

The boys got permits with the help of a card which the friendly analyst at the hospital had given them, and were taken first to the gilded throne room. Here were two thrones, one for the king, and the other for the gilded image of his late predecessor.

"I hear the king has a life-size statue of Buddha made of solid gold and studded with enormous diamonds," said Christopher to the guide. "We'd like to see that, and the treasure-room."

Having been duly impressed by the Buddha, they went on to a large hall paved with tiles said to be of pure silver, engraved, and gazed at the sacred sword of the Cambodian kings, a very elaborate piece of work with its hilt heavily studded with jewels. The treasure-room was a jumble of all sorts of things, most of them studded with gems.

"What a haul for a jewel thief!" remarked Christopher.

A subdued chuckle from his brother diverted his attention at that moment, or he might have seen the keen glance sent in his direction by a tall Hindoo, who lost no time going out of the door he had just entered. James was hanging over one of the

cases with delighted attention. It contained a *bowler hat studded with gems*, the possession of a recent Cambodian king!

CHAPTER 10

The Butterfly and the Bird

It was late afternoon, and Christopher and James were strolling through the pleasant shade of the trees in the royal park when Harry Morton, the young analyst they had seen at the hospital that morning, leaped over a serpent balustrade and hurried to meet them.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he announced. "First I have to tell you that those sweets you brought in were drugged."

"Good of you to take the trouble to find us," said Christopher. "We meant to look in to ask for the report on our way back to the boat."

"Yes. That isn't really what I was looking for you about. The royal troupe of Cambodian dancers is giving a special performance for some visiting potentates at the palace in about ten minutes, and I find I can get you in. Would you like to see it?"

"Would we?" cried the boys.

"Then come along. You see," explained Morton, "I have a tremendous admiration for your uncle. While I was at the University of London I heard him give a series of lectures on the art of Cambodia, and it was that which made me pull every string I could get hold of to bring me out here."

"Uncle would be here now," said James, "but he was held up in Djibuti."

"What happened?"

"We don't know."

Morton was silent for a while considering, then he said, with a keen glance at the boys, "I suppose you know what your uncle is doing just now?"

The boys' blank faces made him continue. "I think you ought to know for your own protection, as you say you were given those drugged sweets by a mysterious Chinese on the ship."

"We're not sure he was Chinese," put in Christopher.

"All the more interesting, then, if he was disguised. Well, your uncle has been commissioned by several European museums, for which he has acted as art adviser, to trace down the source of certain Eastern State treasures offered for sale in Europe by persons with a very questionable right to ownership. As a matter of fact these

treasures were stolen, and their papers forged. It looks like an international system of grand larceny, concentrating on historical treasures that are rightly State property."

"I wonder if the Kwan Yin had any such things on board," said Christopher.

"Very possibly," said Morton, when the boys had told him what they knew of the attack. "And as your uncle is head of the organisation formed to run these thefts down, you may be suspected of working for him."

"That clears up a lot of things," cried James. "Your hunch was right, Chris."

"Then look out," said Morton. "These thefts involve millions of pounds, and I doubt if the thieves would hesitate to put you out of the way if they thought you were learning too much about them."

The three had reached the door of the palace, and for the next hour were absorbed in the beautiful gestures of the dancers in their gold-encrusted garments of silk. They were all little golden-skinned girls, looking scarcely human in their spiked golden headdresses and heavy jewels. They danced in strange, slow movements to the music of flutes and drums.

The boys were too dazzled by the beauty of what they had seen to talk much on the way back to the boat, and after many thanks to their friendly guide threw themselves on the narrow bunks in their cabins and fell asleep.

Next morning they searched the boat carefully for their mysterious enemy, but found no sign of him.

"I'll wager anything he has stayed behind at Phnom Penh," said James. "There's enough gold and jewellery in that place to keep any gang of thieves busy for a while, and, from all I've heard, there's nothing portable at Angkor."

The two boys had changed roles overnight. Now that he was sure there was a real plot afoot James was keen on the scent. But Christopher was absorbed in something else. Two of the little Cambodian dancers from the royal troupe had come aboard, looking a little more human without their tall golden headdresses, but still fascinatingly strange in brilliant silks. Chris, with James a not unwilling companion, insisted on hanging about that part of the deck where they sat with their prim black-coated duennas, only to watch from afar the slow gestures of their tiny hands and their strange little painted faces. They were between 12 and 14 years old.

At last, after two pairs of dark eyes had darted laughingly his way many times, Christopher screwed up his courage to the point of approaching them. He knew the manners of the East well enough not to speak directly to the girls, but addressed himself to the duennas. In time he was rewarded by complacent smiles from these respectable ladies, who saw that the English boys knew how to behave, and the rest of the day was happily spent getting to know one another.

The boys learned that Sav Hoa (Bird) and Nai Dal (Butterfly) were indeed members of the royal troupe that they had seen dance in the palace the day before. At the age of seven their parents, poor people living at Siem Réap near the ruins of Angkor, had sent them to the ballet school at the capital, and their grace and beauty had won them the coveted honour of training for the king's own troupe. This training is exceedingly rigorous, and every year they were sent home for a few weeks' holiday in which they could run wild and forget that they were anything but ordinary little girls.

Now, at twilight, the boat was floating on the vast expanse of Tonlé Sap lake. It seemed a great sheet of quicksilver edged by the dark mass of the jungle. Now and then a junk glided by, its sails outspread.

It grew darker, and now the lake, like the sky, was filled with stars. The heavy scent of tropical flowers drifted from the shore. Now and again eerie cries of bird or beast came from the jungle.

When still far out from shore the engines stopped. A flock of tiny sampans, each with its twinkling lantern, came swiftly over the dark water. Soon all was confusion. Barefooted soldiers in khaki took charge, shouting, "Un sampan pour les touristes! Un sampan pour les bagages!"

Dark, agile men in loose white trousers swarmed to take the luggage and assist the passengers into their fragile craft. Chris and Jim had a glimpse of the little dancers being carried off by their parents, and heard their sweet *Au revoir!* across the water as they themselves were being rowed toward the black jungle ahead, in which they fancied they could already see the green watching eyes of tigers and hear the crash of wild elephants.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO LAUGHS TOO SOON

MOTHER JACKO said she could not remember a better year for blackberries. "I could make lovely jelly," she said to Jacko, "if you could pick me some fruit."

"Right you are!" said Jacko. "I'll get Chimp to help," he added.

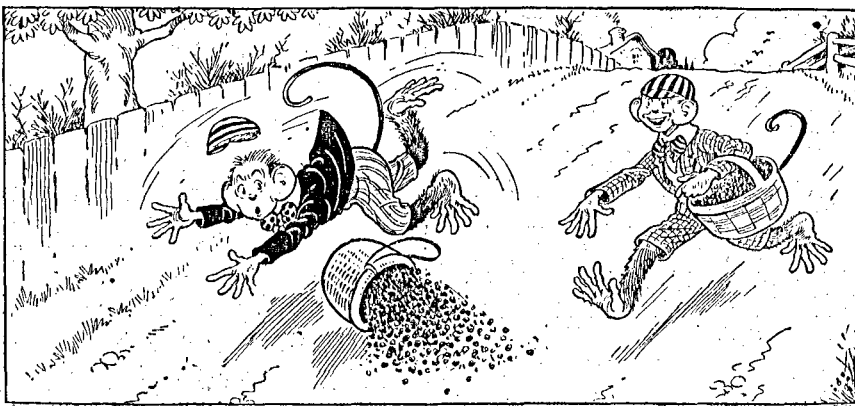
Mother Jacko lent them baskets, and

as fast as you, if I want to," he added, with a wink.

"You can't," said Chimp.

"Let's see who can pick most in ten minutes," suggested Jacko; and they started picking as fast as they could go.

When time was up Chimp brought his basket over to Jacko.



Out shot the blackberries, all over the road

they cut two long sticks with crooks at the end, and started off.

"Let's go down Gipsy Lane," said Chimp; "there are heaps there."

And so there were. Fine ones too: never had they seen such huge berries.

In the field at the back of the hedge there were still more. Unfortunately for Mother Jacko's jelly, instead of going into their baskets the blackberries went into their mouths.

"Coo!" said Jacko at last. "This won't do. It's nearly lunch-time and we've hardly begun."

Chimp went on eating.

"I'll tell you what," said Jacko. "We'll have a race. I can pick twice

"Beat that!" he challenged.

"I have!" cried Jacko, grinning. "Look! Double!"

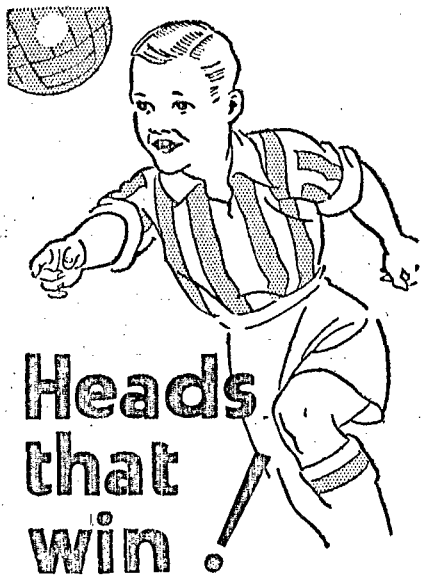
It was true. He had picked nearly twice as many. The basket was full.

"You've cheated!" declared Chimp, though for the life of him he couldn't see how.

"I have not," said Jacko. "I tied the basket round my neck and used both hands! Ha! Ha! Done you there!"

Just then the silly lad, jumping about in his excitement, tripped on a loose stone and fell headlong. Out shot the blackberries, all over the road.

"Ha! Ha!" roared Chimp, who had the last laugh after all.



**Heads
that
win!**

If your hair is tidy you'll always appear cool and calm even in exciting moments. Just a spot or two of Anzora in the morning will keep your hair tidy all day. And there's no grease in Anzora to spoil pillows or hats. If your hair is dry use the Viola. And if you want your head to shine use Anzora Brilliantine. Sold at all Chemists and Hairdressers, the Cream and Viola in 9d., 1/3 and 2/3 bottles, and the Brilliantine in 1/- bottles.

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"It's a treat to see your children enjoy a steamed pudding. My little girl simply won't look at one."

"But why! I never heard of such a thing."

"It's true enough. As soon as she finds an unmelted suet lump—"

"Ah! There it is! There should not be any unmelted suet lumps. Why don't you use 'Atora.' It is pure Beef Suet with the insoluble skin and stringiness removed before being shredded. A film of pure rice flour keeps the shreds separate. They don't hang together, but stir evenly into the flour, and each one melts entirely in its own place in the pudding. The children love my puddings, because they are so light they digest them easily. Look at the one they're eating now. You won't find a suet lump in that I am sure, and you will find it as light at the bottom as at the top."

"Splendid! I'll make an 'Atora' pudding for Midge to-morrow."

Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good **BEEF SUET**

N.33

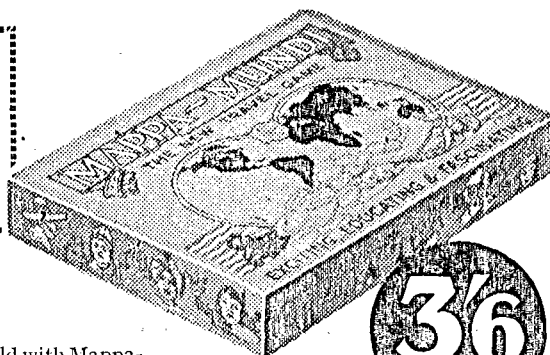
The 'Atora' Recipe Book contains 100 tested recipes for the finest puddings, etc. Send a postcard to-day for a post free copy. **HUGON & Co., Ltd., Manchester.**

Every Grocer sells 'Atora' in 2d. pkts. & larger sizes.



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TAKE a tour round the world with Mappa-Mundi—you'll find it a "capital" game in more senses than one.

First of all, there is the thrill of assembling a marvellous jig-saw puzzle of the world; that in itself is capital fun, amusing as well as educative.

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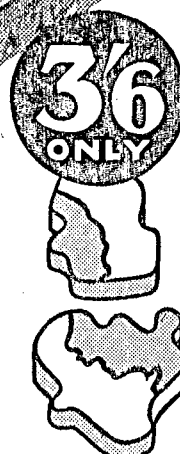
Mappa-Mundi is a puzzle and game combined and affords entertainment and instruction for every member of the family.

Take home this unique and fascinating game to-day.

An Education in Itself

Made by John Waddington, Ltd., Makers of "Lexicon," "Grandfather's Whiskers," and many other novelty pastimes.

On sale at all Stationers, Toy Shops and Book-sellers.



MAPPA-MUNDI

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quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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THE BRAN TUB

Step By Step

TOM, watching his friend George walking toward him one day, said, "How long is your stride?" "It is more than two feet and less than three," said George. "I take an exact number of steps in walking 279 inches, and also in walking 434 inches."

What was the answer to Tom's question?
Answer next week

Mistaken Identity

A FARM hand was amazed to see a gaudily-coloured bird on one of his master's haystacks. As he tried to catch the bird, a parrot, it shrieked, "What do you want?" "I beg your pardon, sir," said the farm hand, touching his cap. "I thought you were a bird."

Guess This

WE'RE fruit and grow in hedge-rows, and in autumn time we're red. Transpose our letters four and, lo, You'll find we spell instead A dramatist of no small measure, And where a king lost all his treasure.
Answer next week

Idi On Parle Français



Papa et Henri vont faire des emplettes. Que vont-ils acheter? Un chapeau, une paire de gants, et une chemise pour papa. "Et une boîte de chocolats pour moi," dit Henri.

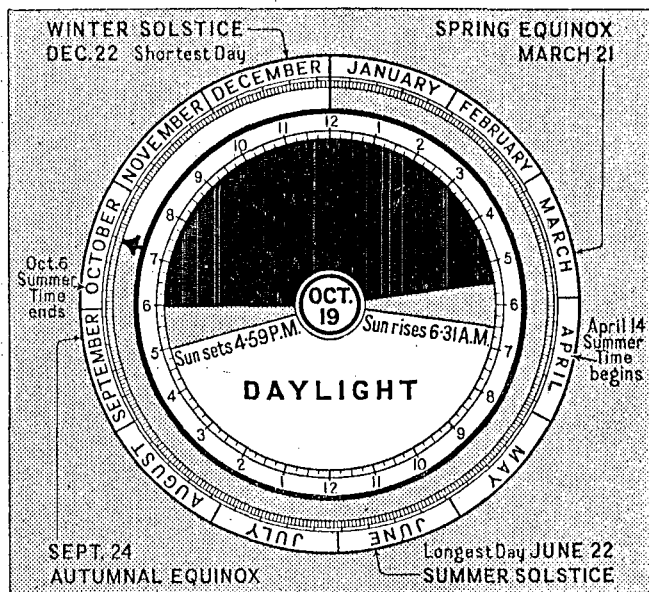
Papa and Harry are going shopping. What are they going to buy? A hat, a pair of gloves, and a shirt for Papa. "And a box of chocolates," says Harry, "for me."

Yes or No

HERE are six questions which are a test of intelligence. On a piece of paper write down quickly either Yes or No as the answer to each question, and then look at the answers in column 3 and see how many you have correct.

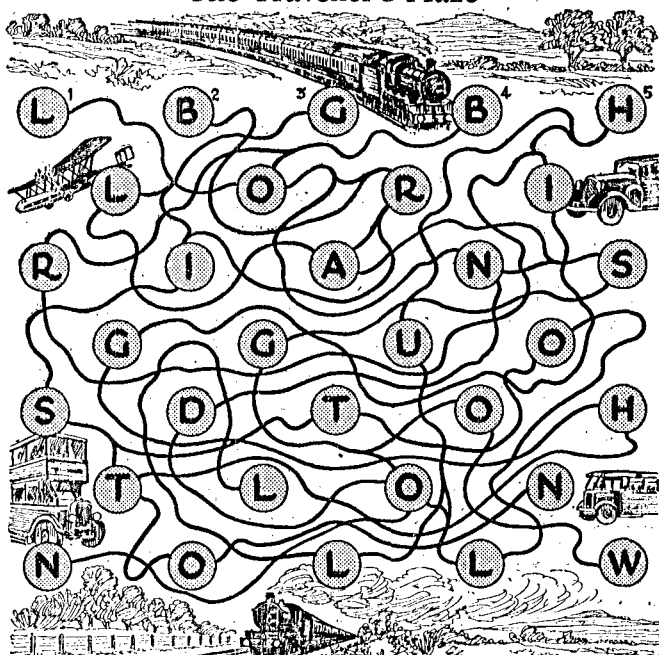
1. Is Derby in Lancashire?
2. Is Sir John Simon the Home Secretary?
3. Are there four pints in a quart?
4. Is Trafford Park Cricket Ground at Manchester?
5. Is the pelican a bird?
6. Is Abyssinia a republic?

The CN Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 19. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

The Traveller's Maze



THE names of five well-known towns are hidden in this maze. The letters of each can be spelled out in their correct order by following the lines from the numbered circles at the top.
Answer next week

Arithmetical Puzzle

WITH figures six, all of one sort. Write down ten thousand plain and short.
Answer next week

A London Particular

IT was a very foggy day, and when the Chief answered the phone he recognised the voice of one of his clerks.

"I am sorry, sir, but I shall be unable to come to the office today," said the voice. "The fact is, sir, the fog is so bad that I have not yet returned home yesterday."

A Puzzle Name

HER initials begin with an A; She's an A at the end of her name; The whole of her name is an A, And tis backwards and forwards the same.
Answer next week

Ivy Blossom and Insect Life

THE ivy is the last of all native plants to open its flowers, and, although the greenish-yellow blooms are somewhat unattractive, they produce a considerable amount of nectar. This is welcomed by such insects as are on the wing in the late autumn. On a sunny October day it is interesting to examine clusters of blossoms which are in a warm situation. Among butterflies making their last meals before dying or hibernating are Red Admirals, Tortoiseshells, Peacocks, and possibly some

Painted Ladies. There will also be quite a variety of other insects.

The nectar is just as much sought after by night-flying insects, and often after dark the flowers are so crowded with moths that there is some difficulty in finding room for all. The insects do not seem to be disturbed when a light is flashed on them.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mars and Jupiter are low in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus is very brilliant in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Monday, October 21.

Healthy and Bright

I WANT to be healthy,
I want to be bright;
I'll sleep with my windows
Wide open at night.

What Am I?

ALL shapes and features I can boast,
Though neither flesh, blood, bone,
Nor ghost,
Nor male nor female; nor my sex
Could naturalist yet ever fix.
I ne'er was born, nor can I die;
Tell me, ye wise ones, what am I?
Answer next week

Age Should Count

UNCLE: You say you are five?
Why, you are not as tall as
my walking-stick!
DAPHNE: Well, how old is your
walking-stick, Uncle?

Yes or No

1. No. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. Yes. 5. Yes. 6. No.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Settling an Argument. 18 miles
Hidden Furniture
Couch, cot, cupboard, bookcase,
dressers, table, range, bath, chairs,
beds.

Beheadings. Scare, care, are
Riddle in Rhyme. Egg
The CN Cross Word Puzzle

D	A	T	A	P	E	A	C	E	S	O	P
O	F	F	O	A	L	A	C	R	E	S	A
S	T	A	F	F	M	S	M	E	A	S	E
E	G	A	T	E	A	A	P	S	E	E	
C	O	B	R	O	A	L	O	W	L		
O	R	L	O	A	N	G	L	E	N	A	A
R	O	W	E	L	C	V	O	A	S	P	I
E	W	E	D	R	E	D	G	E	R	A	R

Tales Before Bedtime

The Knitting Lady

PRUNELLA loved to take Charlotte in her perambulator into the park.

Charlotte was a doll, and nearly every morning, while Mummy sat on a seat, Prunella took her for little walks. Her mother had made friends with a little lady whom Prunella called the Knitting Lady, because she was always sitting knitting on the same bench as Mummy.

She told them that she knitted socks and jumpers and coats and caps for her nieces and nephews—and she never seemed to stop.

Prunella's doll Charlotte had a pretty blue silk coat which the Knitting Lady greatly admired, and which Prunella liked to put on and take off.

This morning it was quite chilly in the park, and when the Knitting Lady saw that Charlotte had no coat on she said, "Isn't it rather cold for Charlotte without a coat this morning?"

"Well, I can't get her silk coat on over this thick dress; it's too tight," Prunella explained. "I just put it in the pram over her feet."

But when she searched in the perambulator and took out all the covers and pillows she could not find the coat. "Oh, Mummy, I must have dropped it!" she cried.

And though they looked everywhere they could not find it. Then suddenly Prunella caught sight of a puppy chewing something on the grass, and when she ran up to him she found him biting Charlotte's best silk coat!

Poor Prunella nearly cried: the coat was muddy and torn and quite ruined.

"Never mind," said the Knitting Lady. "If you will let me have it I will see what I can do."

"Can I have it back tomorrow?" asked Prunella, rather tearfully. "You see, it's the only coat Charlotte has."

The Knitting Lady nodded and said, "I'll do my very best."

Next morning Prunella ran ahead to see if her new friend had brought the coat.

"Well, I have washed and mended it," said the Knitting Lady kindly, "but I'm afraid it's not much good. So I just knitted Charlotte a nice warm winter coat which I really think she'll like better."

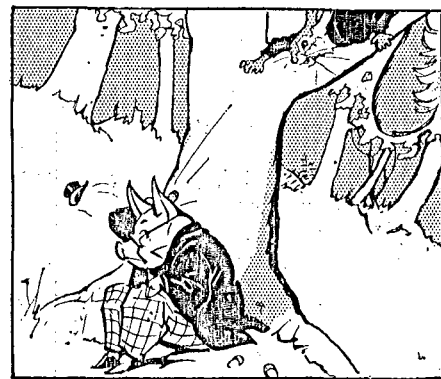
And she held up a beautiful little blue coat just the right size, with a little clipped wool collar.

Prunella's eyes shone with delight.

"Oh, thank you! How lovely!" she cried. "And that's big enough to go over her thick dress. It's just the very thing she wanted!"

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

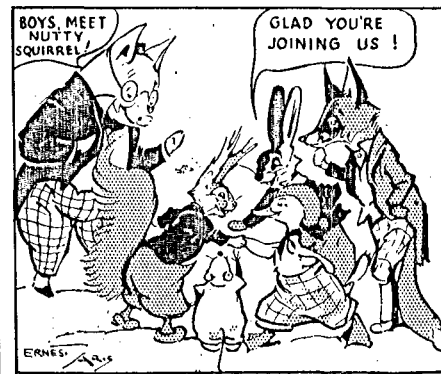
Nutty Squirrel Chases Himself



Pie Porker was enjoying an after-dinner doze in the woods. Suddenly he was very much awake. Crack! An acorn right on the back of his head! He didn't know it was Nutty Squirrel.



Nutty appeared from behind a tree. "Can I help you, sir?" he asked. When Pie Porker told him what had happened he ran off to find the naughty boy who had annoyed Pie Porker!



Nutty couldn't find anybody, but Pie Porker was very pleased with his thoughtfulness. "You're very bright, Mr. Squirrel," he said, "Come and join the Cococubs!" Nutty didn't say no!

There's a Cococub in every tin of The Children's BOURNVILLE COCOA

Nutty Squirrel will soon be in your cocoa tin